THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVII.—No. 1393

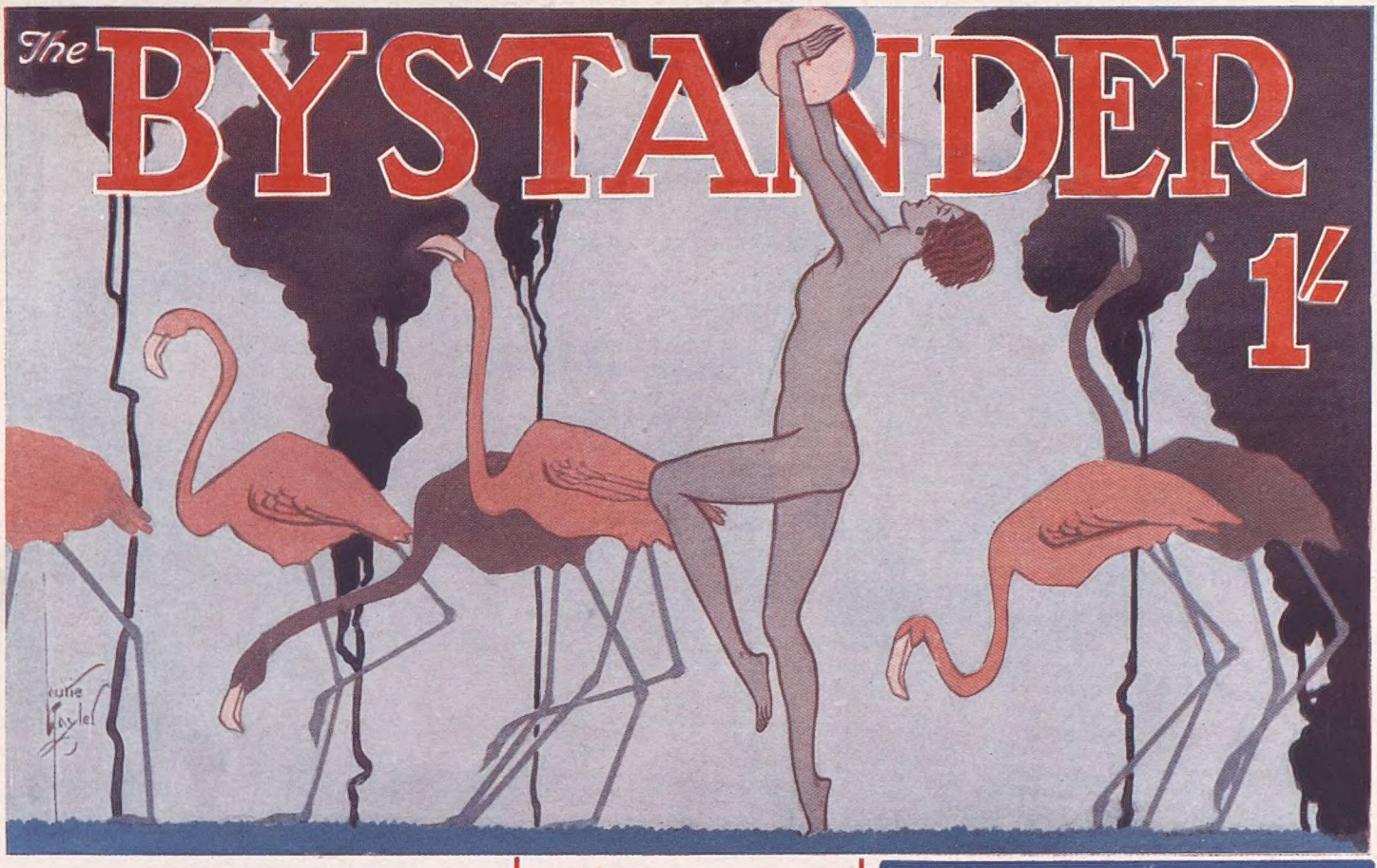
AUGUST 27, 1930

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

ETHEL MANNIN'S *Striking Article on Germany's Youth*

The BYSTANDER

1/-



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Maybe your impression of a magazine is governed by what magazines used to be . . . Not so to-day. When you travel, when you want "something to read," at home, by the sea, just you get the Sept. issue of BRITANNIA & EVE. You'll be astounded at the volume of its contents and beautiful production for one shilling, but most of all we think you will be impressed by its harmony with the fiction, the affairs and the thought of this modern-day world.

"But—we can't go on this way—"

"I tell you I'll get even, one way or another."

"Not by stealing, surely."

"For God's sake, don't lecture!" Arthur seized his *topi* and strode out of the room, leaving his wife crushed.

Joan was thoroughly terrified now. Arthur a thief! . . . And yet there was a certain courage about that confession, for he could have hidden the truth from her easily enough. Or was it courage? Perhaps it was defiance. Perhaps he had grown wholly indifferent to her. Whatever the truth, the future now was dark indeed.

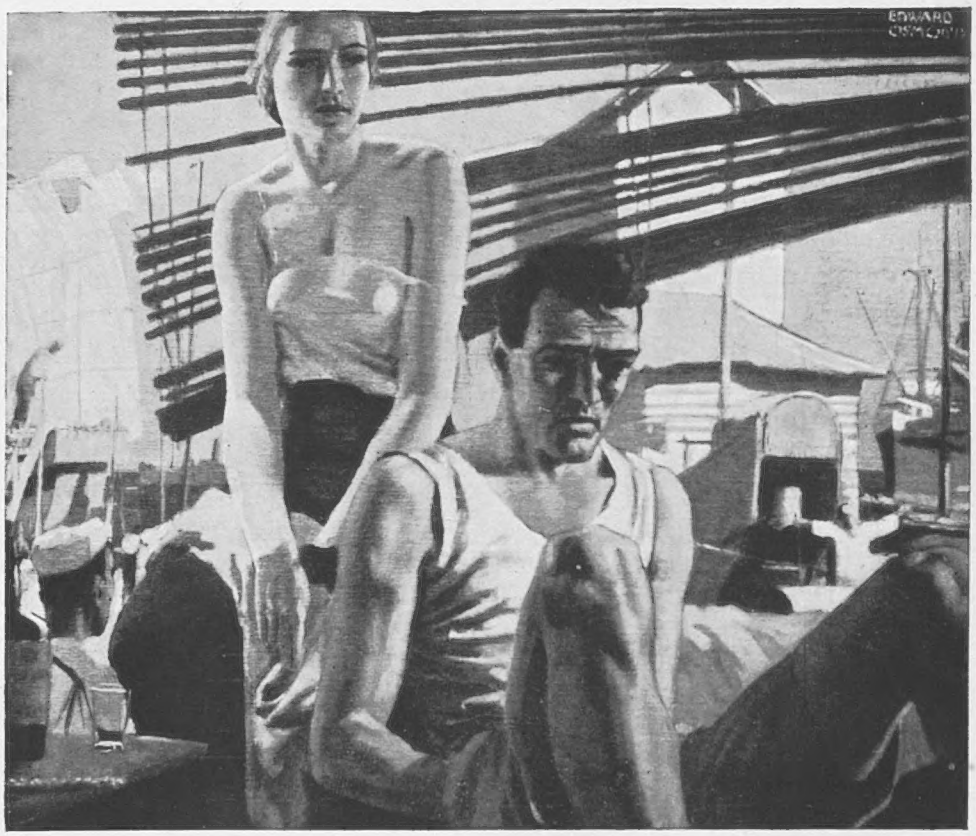
That affair at Roeter's turned out to be only the first of several similar "misfortunes," as Arthur termed them. He and Joan left Singapore finally and drifted to Malacca, then on to Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh and Penang. Crenshaw worked at one thing and another: he tallied cargo, he was a clerk at a tin mine, he recruited labour in *kampongs*, but sooner or later he was always fired, and Joan suspected why.

Husband and wife had fallen steadily in the social scale, of course. The time came when they were considered a menace to the white man's prestige. This was death to Joan, but when she mentioned leaving the East, Arthur flew into a rage and refused to budge.

"Naturally it makes them sore to have me kicking about," he would say. "That's why I hang on. Run me out? Never!"

Not many women would have stuck to a man under these circumstances, but Joan was not the quitting kind. . . .

In "THE BARBARIAN," a story of the poison of the East, by Rex Beach.



"THE BARBARIAN," by Rex Beach.
"IN THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS," by F. Britten Austin.
"THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST," by Beatrice Grimshaw.
"WHEN I WAS DOWN AND OUT," by Gilbert Frankau,
"THE FAKE OF THE FILM STAR," by Hannen Swaffer.
"THESE DISCREET BIOGRAPHIES," by Beverley Nichols.
"THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH," by Storm Jameson
"THIS ENGLAND OF YOURS," by Jacqueline Logan.
"CORA PEARL," by M. Willson Disher.
"COMRADES AND FELLOW WORKERS . . . ." by Diana Bourbon.
"THE VICAR'S WIFE," by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye.
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," No. 17 AGRIPPINA. Painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"FROM MONARCHY TO COMMONER," by Herbert Vivian.
"BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE 'CRIMINAL' CHILD," by Joan Woollcombe.
"NACH PARIS," by Guy Gilpatric.
THE FUN FAIR.
"OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES," by Peggy Fremantle.
"THE SCREEN'S TOWER OF BABEL," by Sydney Tremayne.
"BOOKS" by Arnold Palmer.
"PARISIANA," by H. Pearl Adam.
"SEPTEMBER STORIES," by Catherine Ives.
WINTER WINDS—AND WOOLLENS.
HATS AND BLOUSES TO MAKE AT HOME.
"CHESTS AND CUPBOARDS," by Beryl Freeman.
"REFURNISHING FOR THE WINTER MONTHS," by Wilma Bernhard.
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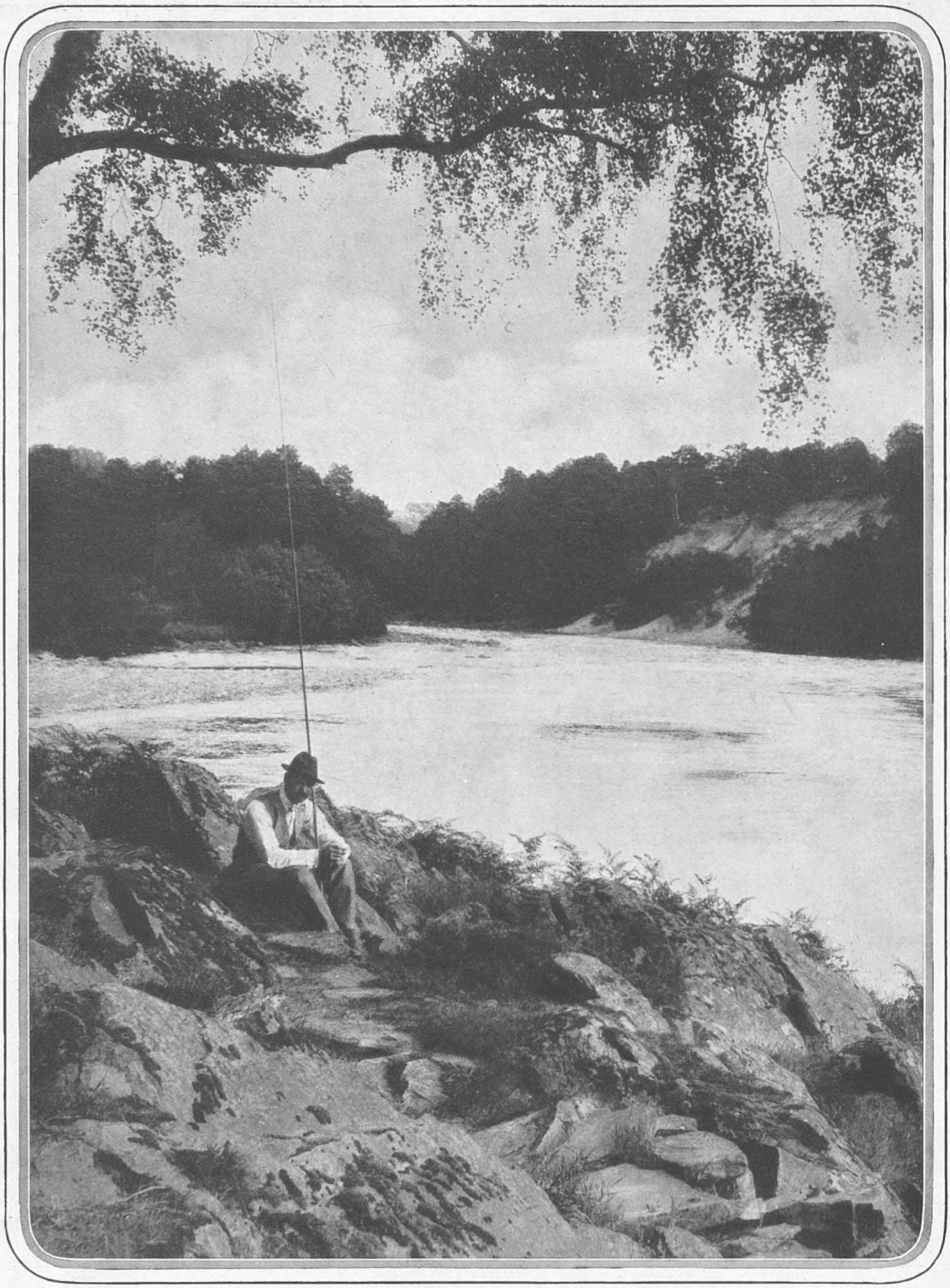
The Bystander, August 27, 1930 No. 1393. Vol. CVII

the BYSTANDER

Marcus Adams

ALL SMILES!

The latest photograph of the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness with her baby, Jonathan. The daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale, her husband, whom she married last year, is the elder son of the Hon. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness



Sport and General

SPORT ON THE SPEY

A pretty spot on the river Spey where salmon are coming up freely. Some fine catches have already been reported

The Passing Hour

SUSPENSE AT GLAMIS! *Wide World*

The Home Secretary, Mr. Clynes, stopping at Airlie Castle with the Dowager Countess of Airlie, attended the flower show in the castle grounds while awaiting the birth of the new Royal baby. The picture shows the Dowager Countess of Airlie, Mr. F. Neon Reynolds, F.R.C.S., of London Hospital, Lady Simson (Miss Lena Ashwell), Sir Henry Simson, F.R.C.S., the famous surgeon, and the Home Secretary

THE first Royal baby to be born in Scotland for over 300 years, the wee Princess came into the world last Thursday night at Glamis Castle in the midst of a thunderstorm in this troubled summer. The new fifth lady of the land, and the fourth in direct succession to the Crown, on the other hand, finds the equivalent of the good fairy blessing in an old prophecy, engraved in Gaelic characters in the Castle, that a child born at Glamis in August will be happy in life and lucky in love. We will all hope so, for if that be providentially the case it will imply that Britain, too, will share in such good fortune.

Keystone View

The enormous beacon on Hunters Hill, overlooking Glamis Castle where the Duchess of York is in residence with her parents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. The beacon was lighted to commemorate the happy event in the surrounding country. The Earl of Strathmore's retainers are here seen toasting the completed work

SPORT ON CRAG AND FELL

HIGHLAND GAMES ARE NOW COMMENCING *Topical*

Dancers at the Inveraray Highland Gathering stepping to the tune of the pipes in a competitive event, always regarded with the greatest critical interest by the Scottish onlookers. The Duke of Argyll was among the spectators

P. and A.

Mrs. Dudley Coats, who married Mr. Marshall Field, the multi-millionaire, last week They are seen here on the golf links at Sandwich where they are spending their honeymoon

ROYALTY AT GRASMERE *Wide World*

For the first time in history the Grasmere Games this year were favoured by a visit from Royalty, when Princess Mary and the King of Greece were present with Lord Lonsdale's party Above can be seen Lady Noreen Bass, Princess Mary, Lord Lonsdale and the King of Greece watching the proceedings

A Good Wind-up

My correspondent at Deauville writes: Deauville has been having a most successful fortnight to wind up the big season, which ended the day before yesterday (August 25). The rain stopped. The sun came out. The English arrived, and M. André, the king of Deauville, who previously said sadly to his friends, "Tell me some funny stories. You do not know how

Sport and General

Bertram Park

The world's felicitations have greeted the Duke and Duchess of York on the birth of their second little daughter at Glamis Castle, Angus (shown in the background), where the first little Scottish-born Royal baby opened its eyes since the time of Charles I, over 300 years ago. The little princess is the fifth lady in the land and fourth in succession to the Crown

For some time past the eyes and thoughts of the Empire have turned towards the historic Castle of Glamis, and the advent of London journalists with cinema operators was regarded by the villagers with scarcely unmixed pleasure—"vexin' the Leddy Elizabeth wi' their indecent curiosity," as a man indignantly told a "Bystander" man on the spot!

GAY DOINGS AT DEAUVILLE

triste I am," completely recovered from his depression. "Everything is of the most chic," he said expansively at one of the gala dinners in the Casino. "Nowhere can be more chic."

All Sorts and Conditions

HE was justified, too. There was the Aga Khan with a party of thirty; there was French duke after French duke, and American millionaire after millionaire; Erskine Gwynne, the pale young American, who runs our amusing contemporary in Paris, *The Boulevardier,* went about taking notes; and Jack Hylton, with the purple rosette of his newly conferred honour of Officier of Public Instruction, danced to the music of Billy Arnold's band.

A Celebration

AND now for a word about the Aga Khan, whose wife has been at Aix-les-Bains for some weeks. The other day he gave an enormous party to celebrate his son's twenty-first birthday. He seems to be in the best possible form. His tinted spectacles bulge more genially than ever. He dances more energetically, and he plays golf more efficiently. Incidentally, he has a woman caddy, whom he takes everywhere he plays golf, and pays her 2,000 francs a month as well as her board and lodging—a generous employer.

Polo Stars

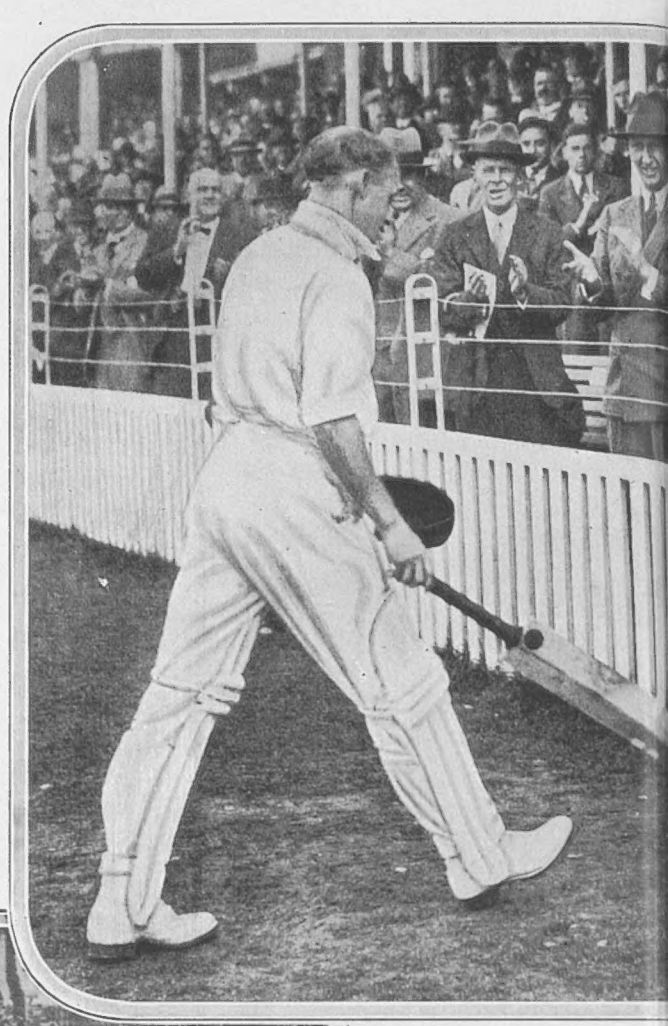
AMONG the polo players at Deauville is the Marquis de Portago, whose wife, the former Mrs. Mackay, recently gave birth to another child in London. Another polo player is M. Le Febure, the only Dutchman in captivity, so to speak, who plays polo in Holland. He may be accurately described, therefore, as the Dutch polo champion. There is also, of course, M. Mosselmans, but he never plays in his native country.

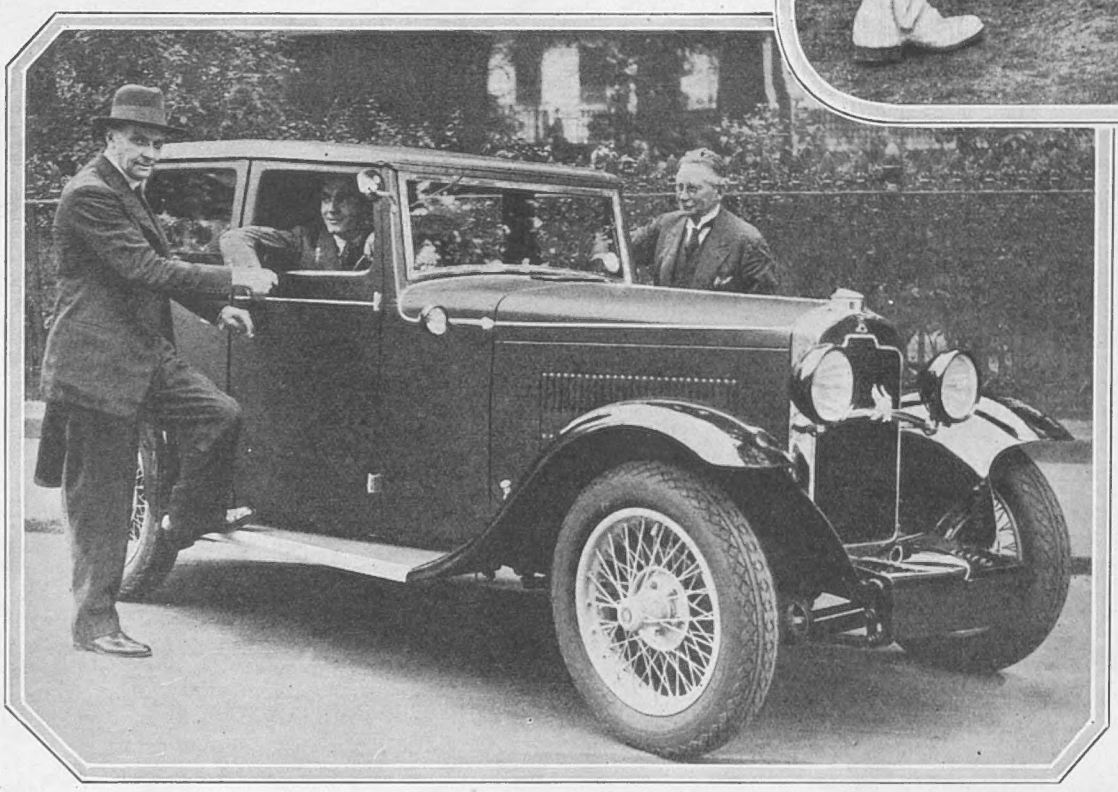
Success and—

THE HON. MRS. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, who is at Deauville, has been in luck's way and had great success with her racing. Ten days ago she won an 18,000-franc race, as well as being second in the Prix de Morny, where the second prize is 30,000 francs. Tantine, her smart two-year-old, ought to do big things in France in the next few years. The winner of the race was Mr. Edward Esmond's Pearl Cap. Mr. Esmond always does well at Deauville.

—Failure

ANOTHER Englishwoman who always races horses at Deauville is Lady Granard. But she is not often successful. The big tip for the Prix



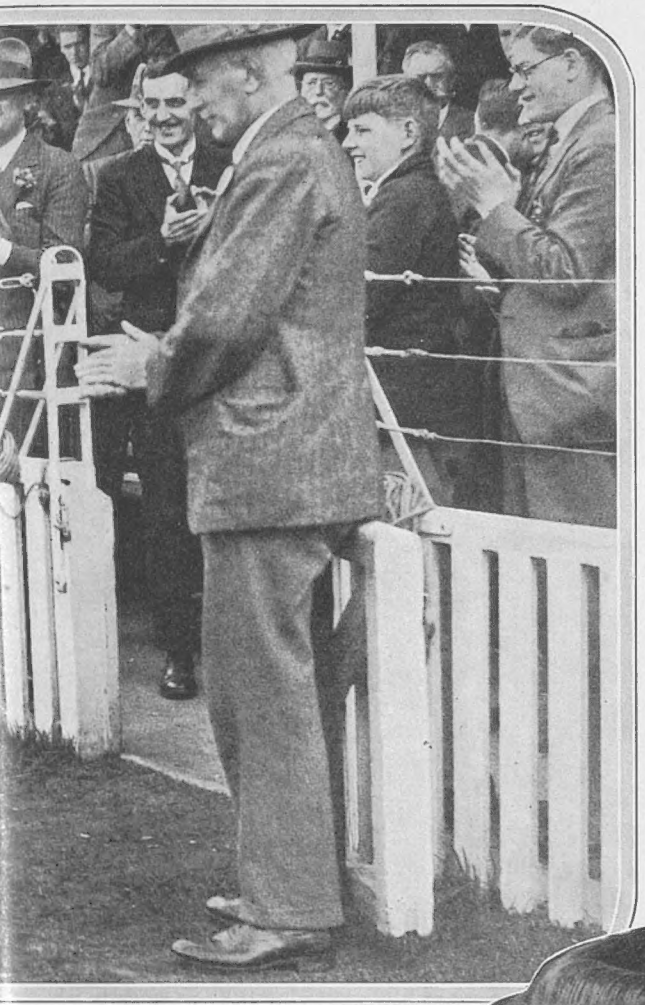


L. N. A.

"THE BYSTANDER" "CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" ROVER CAR HANDED OVER

Large entries were received for "The Bystander" "Celebrities Disguised" competition, and the winner, Mr. A. Roy Ridge, is seen here taking possession of the car and being congratulated by members of "The Bystander" staff. This car is the 15·7 h.p. four door, light six Rover Saloon valued at £335. It is tastefully decorated

CRICKET EXPERTS AND THE TEST MATCHES



Central News

TEST CRICKET UNLIMITED

Don Bradman, the young Australian cricketer, returning to the Oval pavilion after having knocked about the English bowlers to the tune of 232 before being caught by wicket-keeper Duckworth off Larwood.

de Morny was Erain, trained in England for the race, which was worth 200,000 francs (£1,600) to the winner. Erain, however, was nowhere. All the big French owners had horses running, including M. Simon Guthman, M. Wittouck, M. Wertheimer, not to mention the inimitable Jefferson Cohn.

Prosperous France

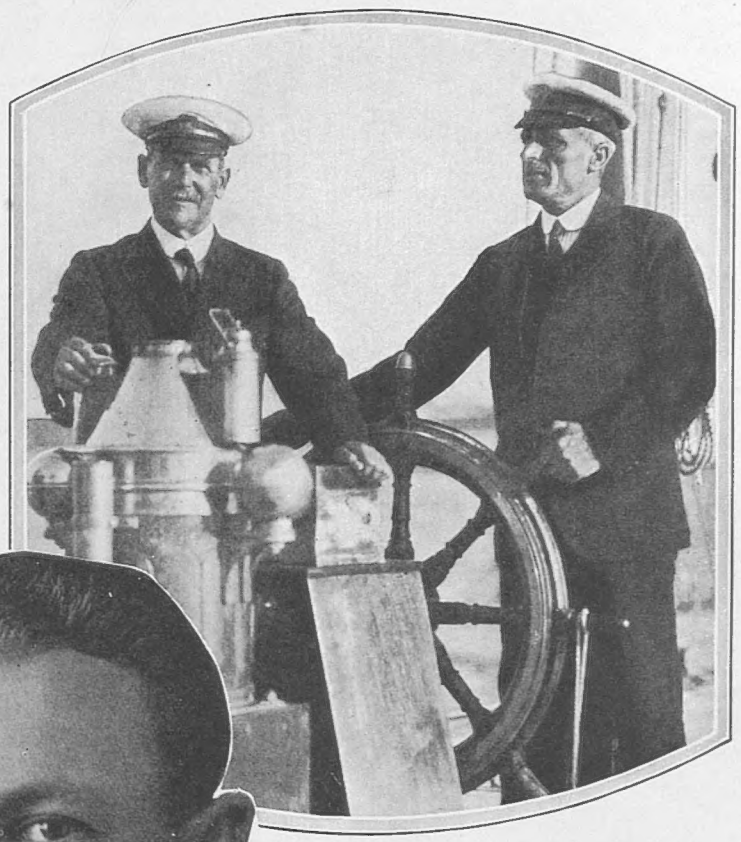
MOST of the visitors to Deauville have been French and Americans. It is surprising indeed how many Americans seem to have been quite unaffected by the Wall Street crash. The French themselves are the most prosperous nation in Europe, if not in the world. Their taxes are annually decreased, and they enjoy themselves accordingly. At the high table, where the minimum bank you can start is 20,000 francs, the players have been 90 per cent. French throughout the season.

The Test Match

ALTHOUGH at the moment of writing the Test Match at the Oval is still unfinished, and the reader may be wiser than I am, there can be but little doubt that it is all China to a paper orange on our being soundly beaten, and this despite the fact that we won the toss and went in on an easy wicket. Thus are the experts confounded, including, it must be admitted, our own Mr. William Pollock, who is himself a cricketer.

Experts at Fault

IN the issue of August 13 Mr. William Pollock said we should win this match, and gave his reasons. I, who am no expert, but have seen the Australian team play—*and training on*—disagreed with our correspondent's conclusions, but my innate politeness forbade me to contradict one who knows far more about the game than I do. More in amusement than in sorrow, I rang Mr. Pollock up just for the sheer joy of saying, "I told you so," but my little scheme was frustrated, thanks to "W. P." being out of Town! He, it must be admitted, erred in good company!



P. and A.

THE "SHAMROCK" ARRIVES

Captain Heard, skipper of the "Shamrock," having safely crossed the Atlantic, is here seen with Sir Thomas Lipton's representative upon her arrival at New London, Conn., U.S.A.

Bassano

THE WONDER BATSMAN OF THE WORLD

A studio portrait of Don Bradman, who has just reached the age of 22, and is even now one of the finest batsmen who ever hit a ball

THE AGA KHAN'S ACTIVITIES

Sport and General

A FINE JUMP FOR A KIDDIE

Little Miss Goodall, aged 12 years, on "Light Foot" in the open Jumping Class at Westerham Hill, Kent, Horse Show, clearing a stiff hedge

Central News

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

TWOFOLD ran twice at the Wolverhampton meeting. On the first day started favourite and finished second over a mile. The distance on the second day was six furlongs and he failed to beat Sweet Helen. Was second favourite. Should pay to follow.

FORTRESS was expected to bring luck to Mr. J. B. Joel at Wolverhampton. Early backers went all out for the filly by Oojah, who put in a strong challenge but failed to overhaul the smart Tom Tit III. Loss will be recovered.

QUEEN BEE was a "springer" at Windsor her early price, 10 to 1, tumbling down to 11 to 2. Was fourth in a field of eighteen over five furlongs. Previously twice placed. Was third to King's Colour at Chepstow.

NUN'S VOW was a strong order at Stockton and started even money. Had previously won over one mile at Ripon. Was readily beaten by Filament at Stockton. Will win more races for Peacock.

LALL COLT is one to follow over short distances. Was a genuine order at 8 to 1 and 6 to 1 at Wolverhampton. Finished fourth to Good Companion. Occupied a similar position over the same course in June.

COUP DE GRACE, well ridden by J. Dines, failed by a head to win the Dudley Plate (mile and a half) at Wolverhampton. Put in a strong effort inside the distance, but in a fine race home Culloden held slight advantage to winning post Has proved a genuine stayer.

Lost For Years?

WELL, we have lost the Ashes *in England*, and, with the young team that Australia possesses, I, though no expert, will venture a prophecy that we shall indeed be lucky if we recover them on Antipodean soil.

Bowlers Wanted

ALTHOUGH our batting has not been much to boast about in the series of Tests, it is our bowling which has, in the main, let us down. We have no Lockwoods or Richardsons nowadays, and amongst the professional players there seems no chance of one appearing. Why not, therefore, is more attention given to this phase of the game at our public schools? In the past we have had some fine amateur bowlers. To mention but a few, there were A. G. Steel, F. S. Jackson, W. M. Bradley, and N. A. Knox. It is up to the games masters at our public schools, with the vast material at their command, to unearth England bowlers of the future. As games masters exist to perfect the young idea in games, and as the classics are utterly neglected, we shall have to ask whether it will not be better to make Young England learned and wise rather than an "also ran" in games—for we are being beaten in nearly all the big competitive games.

A Correction

WE regret that in a recent issue Captain T. C. Irvine was described as a director of the Bat Club. We have the best authority for stating that this is not the case and has never been, and have pleasure in making this known.

Above (on the left): The Aga Khan at Deauville talking to a friend, M. Chiappe. Rumours of a hitch, owing to the Princess Aga Khan being in Aix-les-Bains, have been dispelled by the Aga, who, after selling some horses at Deauville, has returned to his bride, who is in the doctor's hands. Above: A new picture of the Princess Aga Khan indulging in horse exercise at Aix-les-Bains, where she has been recruiting her health

POLITICIANS AT WORK AND PLAY

TAKING THEIR PLEASURES POLITICALLY

A section of the crowd listening to the address given by Mr. Winston Churchill at the Kent Conservative Association Fête at Cleve Court, near Minster, the home of Lord Carson

L.N.A.

Mr. V. C. Redwood, the Empire Free Trade Candidate at the Bromley by-election, the vacancy occurring owing to the death of Col. Cuthbert James. This is a test election which will reveal the strength—or weakness—of official Conservative candidates

G.P.U.

Mr. Winston Churchill pictured addressing the crowd of East Kent Conservatives seen above. Lord Carson is seated on the right. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed uneasiness over the situation in India and Egypt, the naval treaty with America and the "gang of Socialists" in office

Fox Photos

Left: Mr. J. H. Thomas setting out in a boat at Hove for a few hours' fishing in less troubled waters than on those political seas where he has had such a rough time

AT THE PLAY

"LET US (TRY TO) BE GAY" AT THE

LONG before I became a dramatic critic I attended certain selected first nights as a humble pittite. In order to secure a good seat I used to wait some hours for the doors to open, and in those days, thanks to awkward approaches to the entrances, camp-stools were not a ha'p'orth of good. You had to stand and wait, and it was often a bit of a crush.

NOW, though this was not yesterday, I can still recall the type of pittite who then frequented the theatre. Those who, for love of the drama, went to some inconvenience to welcome a new production by Sir Henry Irving or a new play by Pinero did not go with the intention of applauding unless applause was justified. We welcomed our stage favourites warmly, but we did not hold up the action by shrieks and shouts; if we failed to appreciate the fare, our verdict was luke-warm, and if we did like it we expressed approval without hysteria. Only once can I remember pittites becoming a little unbalanced, and that was at the conclusion of the third act of *The Gay Lord Quex* at the old Globe Theatre. The last words of this act were never heard that night! They were drowned in the applause.

NOWADAYS, first-night frequenters of the pit seem to be almost entirely composed of a shrieking sisterhood who look as if they had walked to the theatre from Whitechapel. Not that their looks matter, but their manners are on a par with their looks. These goddesses of the gallery and peris of the pit are greatly in evidence on Tallulah Bankhead first nights, where, by their hysteria, they not only make nuisances of themselves, but also make their favourite actress look silly. Such shrill volumes of applause as greet this actress would be overdone were she a Sarah Siddons, Bernhardt and Duse rolled into one! Well may a star utter the old adage, "Save me from my friends."

A Damsel in Distress. Madge Livingston (Cecily Byrne) unable to keep her "boy friend" to heel

The electric light lamp gets an added shock, thanks to the noise of the quarrel scene in the prologue between Kitty Brown (Tallulah Bankhead) and Bob Brown (Arthur Margetson), husband of the before-mentioned Kitty

BUT, bless you, Tallulah Bankhead rather likes these receptions! On the first night of *Let Us Be Gay*, at the Lyric Theatre, the curtain went up and discovered this actress weeping on a bed, and, to quote her own words given in a daily paper, the applause "sounded like one prolonged scream." Far be it from me to contradict this opinion. It did! "I loved it, of course," continued the Star. "I always love the welcome the girls give me!" Well, there we are! And it is only fair to add that Tallulah Bankhead at the conclusion of the play received equally unstinted applause.

AND now, which is really more to the point—for, with all due respect to leading ladies, the play is still the thing—what sort of a comedy is *Let Us Be Gay*, by Rachel Crothers? Well, it is a story about a husband and wife who are so old-fashioned as to have a family, heard of but not seen, which has a more modern touch about it! But this does not prevent the husband, Bob Brown, having an affair with a friend of Kitty Brown's who tactlessly tells her all about it! In consequence, Bob and Kitty part company after a very devil of a row. And I must say that the husband's explanations were so weak that Kitty had every right to be noisily annoyed.

THREE years later Bob Brown is a guest of a Mrs. Boucicault, a Victorian dame with a

Mrs. Boucicault (Helen Haye) a Victorian dame, gives

LYRIC THEATRE

By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "Let Us Be Gay," by H. H. HARRIS

Another Damsel in Distress. Dierdre Lessing (Joan Matheson), disliking her fiancé, attempts to drown her sorrows in flowing cocktails.

granddaughter, Dierdre Lessing, engaged to a boy called Bruce Dean. But this modern miss contracts a passion for Bob, much to grandmama's annoyance. Quite unaware that Kitty Brown was once Bob's wife, she asks her to come on a visit too, in the hope that Kitty will vamp Bob and so estrange him from Dierdre. Mrs. Brown arrives and the divorced couple meet.

the plus fours of Townley Town (Francis Lister) an uplift

BUT do they mention the previous relationship to their hostess? They do not. The explanation of their silence was almost as weak as Bob's attempt to explain his infidelity to his wife. Still, if they had let the cat out of the bag I really don't know what would have become of the play, so we must accept it gratefully or otherwise!

AS it is, every man in the house falls for Kitty, and in a night scene on a balcony outside Kitty's bedroom—which in no way resembles the scene in *Romeo and Juliet*—two men of the party arrive hoping for the best—or worst.

THINGS are complicated by the fact that Bob Brown's bedroom is next door, and he suffers from a visit from Dierdre Lessing, who is as near drunk as no matter. But the divorced pair do not make it up then, after the various alarms and excursions, because there is time to fill in, so we have to wait for another act until the happy ending, which has been fairly obvious from the start, is finally achieved.

QUITE the best character in a play in which "smart" lines take the place of wit is that of the Victorian dame, Mrs. Boucicault, a part in which Helen Haye gives a first-rate performance. Here is an old woman of real flesh and blood. Another good performance was that of Francis Lister as Townley Town, a sort of lounge lizard, or, as he describes himself, "a professional visitor." In his balcony scene, when trying to "make a date" with Mrs. Brown, he was particularly effective.

THERE are others in the cast who do good work. Joan Matheson, as the cocktail-drinking Dierdre, had a horribly difficult part which she played with tact. Cecily Byrne looked beautiful, and made a lot of a woman always requiring attentions paid to her, while Arthur Margetson as Kitty's husband, who went off the matrimonial rails, did all that was possible to make a "hero" of him.

AS for Tallulah Bankhead, it struck me that she put all she knew into her performance, and the pity of it was that she really does not know enough.

Kitty Brown (Tallulah Bankhead) who, saying she would ne'er consent—consented to take back a husband whose strong suit was not conjugal fidelity

She still relies on a vivid personality to pull her through.

ONE of the first lessons an actress should learn is clarity of diction. Tallulah Bankhead has a husky voice which possesses its own appeal, but she is careless in her enunciation. In moments of emotion she is liable to become inaudible, and often in the comedy scenes she so slurs over the less important words in a sentence that they are exceedingly hard to catch. These are faults which it is not difficult to overcome, and they are well worth overcoming because, when she sticks to comedy, her personality goes a long way to make her a popular favourite, and, with attention to really necessary detail, she would be still more popular with all sorts of playgoers. V. W.

SOPHIE TUCKER

More generally known in England as a cabaret and music-hall singer, Sophie Tucker will appear as a leading lady in musical comedy in "Follow a Star," which, after a provincial try-out, will be seen at the Winter Garden Theatre on September 10. She will play "opposite" to Jack Hulbert

GERMANY: The COUNTRY of the YOUNG!

By Ethel Mannin

GERMANY is an exciting country to go to for the first time, particularly when you go, as I did, full of all the traditional prejudices. I had been told, for instance, that all Germans were fat and gross, and that the women had figures like sacks of flour. *No one had ever told me that there were more beautiful people to the square yard in Germany than in any other country in Europe.* Why is one never told about those amazing blue eyes and that glorious fair hair? It begins the moment you get to the frontier—an inrush of charming blue-eyed blondes with delightful smiles and teeth and manners. For a person like myself, highly susceptible to blue eyes and fair hair, Germany is quite "terrific."

WHEN I alighted at Cologne Station there was a sound of singing surging up to its lofty roof. It was rather like being in a cathedral during choir practice. The platforms and the great space of the entrance hall was seething with beautiful young men with thick, fair hair, brown faces and blue eyes; they wore khaki-coloured knickers like running shorts, and very bright shirts of vivid greens or blues, and they carried rucksacks on their backs, and they surged about arm in arm, and stood about in groups, and it was they who were responsible for the singing. I asked what it was all about, and gathered that it wasn't about anything in particular; they were just wander-vogels.

It was true that all the Rhine towns at that time were more than usually joyous, since they were celebrating the French evacuation, but that anyhow in Germany, particularly along the Rhine, when people are happy they just sing. One is not long in Germany before discovering that here is a country which really has a living art which everyone understands and appreciates—music; in Berlin, even in the middle of the summer, you can always hear opera at three different places.

THROUGHOUT the Rhine towns at this time a postcard was being sold; it depicted a god-like young man breaking chains, symbolic of the Rhine's freedom from French occupation. That the Rhine was represented by a beautiful young man is significant symbolism. For the beautiful young men are everywhere, always hatless, fair-haired, brown-faced, blue-eyed, and always together in, from the feminine point of view, a discouraging segregation of the sexes. The University town of Bonn is full of them, in purple berets.

THERE is such a feeling of youth everywhere in Germany. It is not merely that vital, eager youth is evident everywhere, in the streets, the cafés, the wine-houses, the beer gardens, the stadt-walds; it is not merely that everywhere are sun-bronzed, hatless, healthy-looking, radiant young people with rucksacks and guitars; but there is somehow *a feeling of the dominance of youth and new ideas.*

THERE are two very distinct generations in Germany to-day—the difference between the older generation and the post-War generation is more marked than in any other European country. The

G.P.A.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN GERMANY

Young Germany and the cult of Greek physical culture—A German athlete in the nude strengthening the muscles of the back and arms with the aid of an elastic exerciser

Miss Ethel Mannin in this article writes lyrically and enthusiastically on the youth of Germany. She thinks Germany is the "Hope of Europe." Our readers will read Miss Mannin's views with interest, but will please understand that her views are her own and not necessarily in any case those of THE BYSTANDER—*Editor.*

G.P.A.

Another study of a nude German athlete, running with a javelin. These splendid types strive for perfection while practising in the Berlin Stadium

GERMANY—YOUTH RETURNING TO GREEK ATHLETICS

older generation fulfils the tradition of fatness and grossness; it is for the most part *incredibly* fat and gross; but, on the other hand, the young people are equally incredibly lovely and exciting. It is literally true, I think, to say that in Germany you see more ugly people, and more beautiful ones, than in any other country. Certainly nowhere else does one get such an intense feeling of youth and vitality. It is as though the new generation which has grown up since the War, and the Revolution, has grown up with a new spirit—a really new spirit, that is, one which has no relation to old Germany. They are the essence of modernity, these alert, eager youngsters. New worlds of the future shine out of their eyes.

THEY belong, essentially, to angular, futurist cities of curved façades of glass and gleaming angles of steel; they are evolving new architecture, new music, new literature, a new moral code, a new philosophy of living; they are more modern than the modernist world which is the expression of their times.

Keystone

These two pictures represent pupils in a Berlin School of Dancing performing a sort of Bacchanalian revel, reminiscent of the orgies to the god Bacchus, when women on Mount Cithæron tore their flesh in their ecstasies and were accompanied by a youth as the god Bacchus—and a young man may be found in these pictures

Keystone

"Functionalism" is the new word they have evolved, signifying the post-futuristic phase; they passed the cubists and the expressionists long ago. And they have triumphed over tradition by learning how to combine athleticism with æstheticism.

WE imagine in this country that because we are tennis-mad we are a nation of athletes. Young Germany means something rather more than games by athleticism. It means the cult of the body. It is not afraid—or ashamed—to take off its clothes and bare its body to the sun and winds. The bathing-places along the whole length of the Rhine, and the great lakes out at Potsdam, teem with gleaming brown nude bodies. Physical culture is something more than a little discreet gymnastics in stuffy clothing; it is "the cult of the body beautiful." It is a great and growing movement. Young Germany really does care about physical fitness. The young men, instead of lounging about at cocktail parties in deoxygenated rooms full of cigarette smoke and silly talk, get into shorts and sandals, and walk about in the sun and rain; when they drink they do so out of doors, under the lime-trees, and they drink not poisonous concoctions of mixed spirits, but golden wine and cool beer. The young women, instead of plastering their faces over with cosmetics, prefer to have their skins washed by sun and wind. Very few of them wear hats, even in the big towns. They, too, have been caught by the wander-vogel movement; there are companies of beautiful young girls as well as of beautiful young men.

THIS wander-vogel movement is one of the best features of the life of German youth. It enables young people to move about freely, unemcumbered by parental restrictions and verbotens. Some of them wander about for a whole year, going where they please, doing as they please, living all the time out of doors, graduating in the only university of any value—the university of life. When they want to lie about in the sun naked they do so; when they want to express their joys in life they sing; they have a sexual freedom, and therefore a sexual sanity, which is not possible in the artificiality imposed by life in the towns; they walk and swim and dance and sing; they are the embodiment of mental and physical health.

I MAKE no apologies for writing lyrically of German youth. Germany is the Hope of Europe; only the seed of it is here in the eagerness and vitality and sanity of these beautiful young people who swarm all over the country like Utopians come true.

E. M.

BY STARR WOOD

"I'm sorry to tell you, my man, that you will never be able to work again"
"Lor, lumme, doctor—why sorry?"

ENJOYING the SUNSHINE at CAP D'ANTIBES:

Mr. Ben Finney and Miss Valerie French, granddaughter of the late Earl of Ypres, indulge in a tête-à-tête after the morning swim

Sunburnt to the colour of bronze. Reading from left to right: Miss Eileen Hadley, Captain White and Mr. Ben Finney. Majo[r] running the bank at th[e]

Photographs

Another photograph of Miss Valerie French en promenade preceded by Mrs. Drury. The sun is not so hot that sunshades are a necessity

P. and A.

Mrs. Roy Royston and Mrs. Drury both possess a pretty taste in beach pyjama suits

PERSONALITIES MUCH IN EVIDENCE

Major Jack Coats, Commander Glen Kidston, Miss Gladys Smut, Jack Coats is reputed to have lost over £80,000 in a few days while Juan-les-Pins Casino

Mr. and Mrs. Bleck looking "this way, please," for the photographer. Mrs. Bleck, before her marriage a few months ago, was Miss Vera Hawkes. She is a sister of Lady Ashley

Photographs

The Hon. Mrs. James Rodney (left) captured by the camera with Miss Désirée de Latour

P. and A.

A bathing buccaneer! Miss Sheila Hennessy's pyjama suit suggests the pirates of old, even though the silver belt does not carry a cutlass

If Gossip

Sasha

Esmé Tosh, who is appearing in the musical comedy, "The Love Race," at the Gaiety Theatre. The Tosh Sisters for long were an attraction at the Piccadilly Hotel Cabaret

HIGH KICKS AT THE KIT-CAT

Florence Forman, an agile dancer who has been doing a turn—and several turns—at the Kit-Cat Restaurant

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD, the Labour Minister, will not, I imagine, be thanked by the more diplomatic of her colleagues for having let the cat out of the bag. Even Mr. Snowden, who delights in what he calls "putting the burden on the broadest shoulders," and who regards the possession of capital as a crime, would hardly have gone so far as to say: "When you grumble about there being an extra shilling on the income tax, remember that this is cheaper than revolution."

THIS is a novel and startling view of the functions of income tax. It is not, it seems, to be raised with the idea of carrying on the business of the country, but as a sop to keep quiet those who would kick up the deuce of a shindy if money did not flow from the haves to the have-nots in a continually increasing stream. In short, income tax is an insurance against mob violence!

THERE was never a clearer instance than this of the repetition, centuries earlier, of the "bread and circuses" bribery with which Rome tried to patch herself up when she had started to crack. Psychologically the buying off of malcontents with other people's money is as foolish as gathering water in a sieve; the more they are given the more clamor-

THE BARE IDEA

It is reported that Sophie Tucker, who appears as a Greek goddess in the new musical comedy, "Follow a Star," absolutely refused to appear with bare legs, and a special costume had, therefore, to be designed for her.

LET other show a lower limb
Devoid of e'en the sheerest stocking,
And shake a leg that may be slim
But, in its nudity, is shocking,
We still can boast one actress who'd
Die gladly rather than assume the semi-nude.

Though damsels on the Isles of Greece
Wore robes that now seem rather breezy,
(They had no women as police
For Attic Greece was free and easy)
To see Miss Tucker in a dress
Such as they wore would cause me very deep distress.

But all is well! We shall not see
Our Sophie giving cause for loathing
By showing ankle, calf or knee
(Forgive my blushes) minus clothing,
For she declares in tones emphatic
E'en though she "lifts the roof" she still will spurn the Attic.

So, "Sophe, Old Gal"—to quote a song
With which you've often cheered us greatly—
We toast you very loud and long
(But always do it most sedately)
For, though full many prudes there are,
Not one of them can hitch his wiggin' to this star!

B. W.

By BERTRAM PRANCE

FRIENDLY GOLFER (*to player searching for lost ball*): "What sort of a ball was it?"
CADDIE (*butting in*): "A bran' new one—never been properly 'it yet!"

We Must.

ous the demands for still more. As an example of political economy at its silliest and rottenest nothing could be more vivid.

UNEMPLOYMENT is the Labour Party's biggest problem. In spite of their boasts before they took office as to what they would do about it, they have been able to do precisely nothing that is effective. And the expenditure of more and more on social services which the country cannot afford is pointed to by Miss Bondfield with something like pride!

THE country is taxed to breaking point—and beyond it. If another shilling is put on the income tax unemployment will inevitably be increased and not decreased, and revolution would be brought nearer rather than postponed. Extravagant taxation is not an insurance against revolution; it is an incentive to it. Even the present Government, in its heart of hearts, probably realises the truth of this. They are far more likely than not to bring themselves to fight unemployment by introducing some measure of protection. Already many leading Socialists are wobbling, despite their persistence in labelling all Empire Free Trade parliamentary candidates "Food-taxers," in order to prejudice them in the eyes of the less enlightened members of the electorate. Unfortunately, many Conservatives, including Mr. Baldwin, are wobbling, too. What I fear is that the Socialists will wobble over into protection before Mr. Baldwin does, will discover how miraculous a remedy it is, and then, pointing to the haloes round each other's heads, say to the country, "See what a marvellous thing it is we have done!"

SINCE I regard the country as being of more importance than any particular party, I would sooner see the Socialists become protectionists and chuck Cobdenism overboard than Cobdenism remain and the present bad state of affairs become indescribably worse, but this volte face would doubtless estrange them from the "Libs." There is no chance of the official Conservative party adopting the new policy directly since Mr. Baldwin has pledged himself to postponements and has hedged himself round with a mass of "ifs" and "whens."

By Chicot

"Why do you always turn down his advances?"
"Because, my dear, he doesn't advance me enough!"

Mabel Robey

Joan Kemp-Welch, a young actress who has made a hit in a dramatic part in "Traffic," the Lyceum thriller

Dorothy Wilding

Gladys Cooper and Sir Gerald du Maurier pictured as forgiving wife and errant husband in "Cynara," which is playing to capacity at the Playhouse

LIBERALISM, as they say of outworn contracts, is "null and void." On the principle that a policy had much better be promulgated by enthusiasts who believe in it than by timid people who have been forced into it against their will, I would, above all, see the Empire saved by the Empire Free Trade party, which could so easily become the official Conservative party by the simple and honest method of calling for the resignation of the simple and honest Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin, by the way, underestimates the influence and intelligence of Lord Beaverbrook's crusaders when he calls them "the hysterical party." Not only do the soundest business brains support the crusade; I have within the last few weeks found farmers and agriculturists in certain remote parts of the country pro-Beaverbrook to a man, and, I may add, woman, who can also vote. I have never yet known an hysterical agriculturalist. Have you?

PHEW! And now, after all that, what about a spot of brandy? Or rather, after the fashion of the old lady who "liked to talk about it," what about a few concise and enlightening remarks about brandy? I am optimistic enough to assume, or, at any rate, to hope, that I am preaching to the converted.

ONE of the mighty kings of the Dark Ages was named Charles Martel. Whether he was mighty because he drank brandy or drank brandy because he was mighty—"brandy for heroes" has long been a slogan—I do not pretend to know. But the omen is a good one. A mighty king among brandies is Martell's, and from that famous firm I have received what I believe it is correct to call a "brochure" about brandy in general. Like the brandy, it is brown, and like the bottles that bear the three-star label, it is full of good stuff.

Raphael

A new portrait of the English actor, George Barraud, who has made a big success on the films, two of which, "Peacock Alley," with Mae Murray, and "The Road to Paradise," with Loretta Young," in which he also figures, will soon be released in England

Janet Jevons

Helen Cane, who is playing the part of Dorinda in Farquhar's brilliant comedy, "The Beaux' Stratagem," which has had a successful revival at the Royalty Theatre

ACTRESS (*reading the paper bitterly to friend*): when they keep so ma

"THE nose," I read, "plays a great part in the judgment of fine wines." And, in some cases, remains as an everlasting testimony to the experience of its possessor. Seriously, though, I have known brandies, notably a grand Segonzac of '48, that so delighted by its entrancing bouquet that one was positively loth to commit it to the palate. A fine brandy should taste sweet, but with a natural richness; if there has been any faking, the sweet will be thick and the flavour thin.

JUST a few "tips." Age in cask does not convert an inferior brandy into a fine "liqueur"; brandy can, in fact, be kept so long in cask that it becomes woody and vapid.

BEWARE of the heavily coloured liqueur brandy, and don't be deceived by an attractive make-up or a high price. A lot

By A. R. Cane

lear, it's scarcely worth while getting divorced nowadays he details out of the papers!"

of muck known as brandy is sold in restaurants at 3*s.* 6*d.* the nip, or even more. Don't use a fine old liqueur brandy for a brandy-and-soda; not only is it wicked waste, but it doesn't taste so well as a cheap (but good) kind. Lastly, keep your bottles of brandy—if you are fortunate enough to have any in these hard times — standing up and not laid down in the bin.

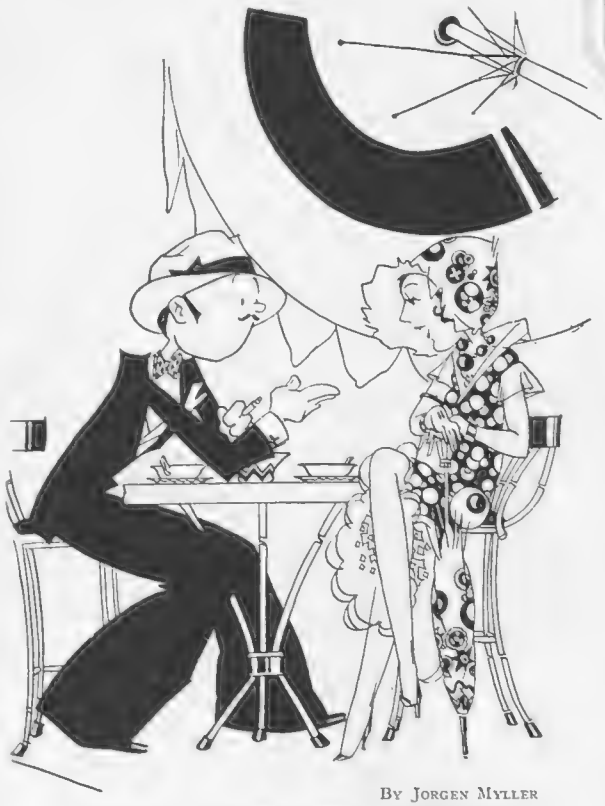
LONDON, I find (speaking as a returned wanderer), is not at all dull this August. It is, in fact, just as lively as the authorities allow it to be. True, one does not see couples "sitting out" dances by walking about the streets near Belgrave or Berkeley Squares. Parties are few and far between. The Bright Young People (so many of whom are neither bright nor young, and are barely people) are dressing up like babies or hunting treasure-trove farther afield. Mr. Cecil Beaton has taken a house in Wiltshire, eighteen miles from a railway station. Mr. Beverley Nichols is smelling lilies in rural fastnesses. Yet London continues to exist and to be, on the whole, a not unamusing spot.

IF some dance clubs are closed the restaurants are, most of them, not only going strong but engaging larger and more expensive cabarets than they have done for some time past. The Kit-Cat is crowded, so are the Berkeley and the Ritz. Sovrani has been so successful with his green-doored little restaurant in Jermyn Street that he is opening, he tells me, a larger establishment in Stratton Street in the new year. What, I wonder, would the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who lived for so many years at the corner of Stratton Street, in that now demolished house at the corner, in the window of which hung always a white china cockatoo, have said to a restaurant in that august thoroughfare? The Stratton Street Sovrani's will, I gather, be one of those numerous restaurants which have "the best cooking in London." Bless 'em all, there's nothing like a little healthy competition! And Sovrani certainly knows his job.

IT was quite like old times to see Teddy Royce rehearsing at Daly's the other day. When last I saw him there—a good many years ago, *consule* Jose Collins—his hair was raven black, and he looked like a toreador. He is now quite a "white-headed boy," but, instead of losing energy, he has, if anything, gained some. His visibility, vitality, "pep," and the rest of it are amazing, and are obviously the result of a long sojourn in America. He has a grown-up son, who makes the third generation of theatrical Royces. The old E. W. Royce was long a favourite at the Gaiety in the 'eighties, when he, Edward Terry, and Nellie Farren sang "We are a happy family, we are, we are, we are," and delighted the crutch-and-toothpick brigade.

L. N. A.

University undergraduates earning money on Long Vacation. Cambridge undergraduates have formed a dance band, seen above, and are playing at the well-known Beresford Hotel, Birchington-on-Sea. An Oxford undergraduate, reading for Honours, has recently taken over a sweet shop



By Jorgen Myller

"Every time my wife hears a noise at night she thinks it's burglars and wakes me up"
"But burglars don't make any noise"
"So I told her. So now she wakes me up when she doesn't hear anything!"

THAT is a pleasant story that is now being told of the provincial visitors to London who went to the Wallace Collection and then, having been the round of it, called for an attendant and enquired whether Mr. Edgar Wallace was in residence. I do not know whether Mr. Wallace started the story himself, but he has, as we know, a great gift of inventiveness.

CLEMENCE DANE on THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"A Note in Music"

By ROSAMUND LEHMANN

(Chatto and Windus: 7s. 6d.)

Miss Lehmann's new book, *A Note in Music*, is a much subtler piece of work than her sensational first venture, *Dusty Answer*. Nevertheless, certain characteristics survive. There is in it the same faintly morbid interest in the byways of emotion, the same impatience with coarse and stupid fate, the same frank enjoyment of that "fine colour," pain. The book is less exciting as a story; it is certainly much more exciting as a specimen of modern writing and thinking.

The theme is expressed in the title.

"But the present, like a note in music, is nothing, but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come."

"What is past" is represented by the memories of a group of middle-class people in a provincial town; "what is to come" by their dread of an unemotional future. "The present" is incarnate in a boy in his early twenties.

Hugh Miller is one of those pleasant moderns whose whole justification for being alive is their charm. For this generation has made a god of charm. To be young, healthy, good-looking, moderately sensible and kindly, is to be nothing; but add to these virtues the golden gift of charm, and the modern may do as he or she pleases. All that is expected of such a lucky one is that he should become "the note of music," the peg on which the rest of the world can hang its dreams and its memories. Hugh Miller drifts in and out of a provincial town, and his brief passage disturbs nearly every character in the book. It is not merely the wretched Pansy who falls in love with him. Grace Fairfax, married and settled, is obsessed by him; her friend Norah MacKay feels the effect of his influence. So does each of the husbands. So do servants and friends. Indeed, all the town is obscurely aware of him. The very lilac bush blooms for the first time in years in order to provide him with a buttonhole. This sounds absurd, but, indeed, Miss Lehmann does contrive to make us see the boy come into the town like a light breeze whirling up into an eddy the fallen leaves, the dust, straws, papers, all the dirt and decay of yesterday in its passage down the High Street. Then away goes Hugh Miller, and dreams settle down into the dust.

So much for the story, a story easily spoiled by a too prosaic mood in the reader. For the reader may as well face the fact that the story and its values vanish like fairy dew on midsummer's morning if it is judged by the standards of real middle-age, instead of middle-age as it is seen through the eyes of the still romantic early thirties.

MISS ROSAMUND LEHMANN

Whose new book, "A Note in Music," has been chosen by the Book Society as the Book of the Month, reviewed on this page by Miss Clemence Dane

A handsome young woman looks at herself in the glass. She thinks, "I shall soon be middle-aged"; it seemed that somebody beside her had broken the silence to whisper the words. Then a line is dropped and the story goes on. "She opened his dressing-room door and looked in. He was cutting his nails." At this point Rabelaisian middle-age finds it difficult to repress a giggle, which is unfair, for the author has merely been recreating the stale routine of a middle-class household, and recording the mood of a middle-class wife with no babies and not enough to do. But it is inevitable that the practical forties should cry-out: "Get something to do, you silly woman! Sack your servant, do your own cooking, and don't sit about being morbid!"

But then, of course, this subtle survey of thwarted desires and emotions would never have been written. No, to enjoy the book as it deserves the reader must force himself to realise that some people think of middle-age as the final twilight of romance. Real middle-age, hearty, healthy middle-age, letting out its stays a little, but thoroughly enjoying itself, will, of course, find it difficult to wear with a proper melancholy grace the iridescent robes of stagnation and decay, but unless it can share, if only for an hour, dear Marianne Dashwood's horror of the time of life that seeks "the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat," it will not understand this sad, comical, exquisite book.

For, upon my soul, I believe that Miss Lehmann half agrees with Marianne, so vividly does she paint the home-sickness of the married-and-settled for lovely, vanished youth; so delicately does she display their futile baskings in the sun of an Indian summer; so gently does she proffer the flannel waistcoat again when the sun has gone down. If the graceless forties still laugh a little, it is only at the amazing difference a few years can make in a point of view. They do not laugh at the writer; she writes too well for that. Her sense of character is as reliable as her plot is neat. Only once is her craft doubtful. Surely the letter to Oliver Digby lies a trifle too conveniently on the hall-table?

Yet, through that bold coincidence, we reach the centre of the tragi-comedy. So Hugh Miller, the "note in music," has also his hidden trouble—and must not own it! "For ever gay and lucky," he must stick to his job of perpetual heir-apparent to the Crown of the Fortunate Isles. For a prince to be unsure of himself is simply "pose."

Poor, luckless, lucky one! His is, indeed, the lot of the grasshopper in autumn. This final twist of the tragi-comedy turns a clever book into a brilliant one.

He: "I could go on loving you for ever."

She: "Oh, go on."

* * *

Master: "What king came after Queen Elizabeth?"

Pupil: "Philip of Spain, but she turned him down."

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

A Garretto impression of Gertrude Lawrence, who is playing lead with Noel Coward in his new comedy, "Private Lives," which was produced at Edinburgh last week

THE PIPES

BY F. SIOCK MAY

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

MEN CALL IT MIRAGE

By URSULA BLOOM

Illustrated by R. Wembain

There are two ways of plot and counterplot, and one is very beautiful, but the other is very cruel.

Once it had floated out into space and spread itself elusively before him, this luring, exquisite thing called mirage. He had been close to death at the time, and had grown fanciful with its proximity. It had been the ugly death of bleached bones and a huddle in the sand, the fruits of search in the tearless desert. He had seen the sky darkened by strong wings as the vultures drew closer. He had pictured all that when, sheltered under the paltry littleness of a prickly pear, his blistered, blackened lips had thirsted for water. Then he had seen the lovely phantom that men call mirage. It was a pool, limpid and exquisite, with faint ripples across its glassy surface as if caused by a heaven-sent wind. Palms clustering on its fertile banks were mirrored in the lovely depths. Yet he knew that the mirage which beckoned to him was nothing but death dressed in a fair masquerade. He might have followed it had not a camel bell tinkled and he had seen through his glazing vision the approach of merchants.

Well, those days were done with. He had come back to England, possessed of a large fortune, with the newspapers singing his praises. They set his fame on a plinth and talked of him as a hero. All the while he only craved to shrink from publicity. He wanted quiet. He was a simple man, and he dealt only in simplicities. He was not an old man, though the desert weighs years down heavily upon your shoulders. It was the desert that had traced lines round his eyes and little curious wrinkles on his skin, not his forty years. He felt young, but that same desert had set its irrefutable time-count on his head.

He bought the most simple-looking house that he could find. It was set in a little country village just outside the radius of creeping London. He had a sentimental fancy for roses, for a sun-splashed wall, and in the garden a queer pool—mirage! Above this—which was no mirage whatsoever—a stone Eros hid his shamed face and allowed his bow to drop useless to his feet. John knew that the stone Eros epitomised something that he had missed. Another of the precious heritages that had escaped him in his life of adventure. Eros stood for love. Adventure leaves little room for love. She is a man's mistress, and she permits no wife.

John fled from fame and appraising publics and match-making mothers. He coveted love, but he believed that it had passed him by. Besides, with a surplus million women, and marriage an urgency to most of them, how does a man judge if the love be of himself or his banking account? It is more difficult for the rich man to be loved than for the camel to pass through the needle's eye. He settled down in the little house and he let love go with a sigh. He took an interest in roses such as do many returned travellers. He worked early and late. It was Amiel who kept house for him.

To a man accustomed to natives, the English servant problem was perplexing. One after the other housekeepers came and departed. Some were hussies who ogled him; others were fools who enraged him. One and all they came and went. That was when Amiel applied for the situation. Amiel was an orphan, and she had no home of her own. A gentlewoman by birth, she did not intend encroaching upon it, but was reticent and obliging. She was small and pinched. When you looked into her eyes you felt that they were the eyes of a woman who had suffered intensely. But Amiel had not suffered intensely. Her thirty years of life had not been kind, but they had not been harshly unkind. She had suffered in the fact of her poverty, and that Fate had not given her that outer burnish by which so many wrongly judge inner soul. She had wrested little that was alluring from Destiny. She had thin red hair, and pale eyes; but the soul that looked out of her eyes was brave and calm and decisive. She saw that he wanted for nothing. Somehow she sensed that he was lonely, and though she never forgot her place, but kept it with a care that sometimes almost angered him, she was full of sympathy.

John engaged Amiel because she interested him in her very insignificance. She was different from the other designing females, and he had to admit that she fed him better and saw after him more attentively than all the others put

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together. At the end of three months he would not have parted from Amiel for all the world. She could cook, and he appreciated good cooking. She did not fuss about the house, but saw that it was kept clean unobtrusively. Also, he had to admit that in a subtle manner she attracted him. The thin reddy-gold hair and the pale, languid eyes that seemed to speak of suffering. He watched her when she was unaware of it. The reflection of her shadow on the wall, a little elfin shadow dancing along as she went about her work.

He began to think introspectively of Amiel. Shapes formed themselves out of his brain. He thought of her hair as flame, thin flame licking into his being. Of her pale eyes as the unruffled water of the mirage. Of her unobtrusive sweetness as an essential point of her being. She attracted him.

"John went across to her and lifted her up"

One noon there was the mystery of June about the roses in the garden. There was the soft impulse of a stirring love about the stupid Eros who wept above the pool that he so fancifully supposed was mirage. That was when the accident happened. A car scudding round the corner of the road came to a frantic standstill. John, spraying Madame Herriots, heard the savage grinding of erratic brakes. There was a sharp little explosion and then a piercing scream. The scream bit into the silence and sent the echo quivering to the hills. John dropped the syringe and rushed out into the lane beyond the gate. A daring little scarlet two-seater had swerved into the hedge. Across the steering wheel lay a girl limply. She lay just as she had fainted.

John went across to her and lifted her up. She was tall and very slight this girl, with a face magnolia-white and two golden arcs where her eyelashes lay upon her cheeks. She wore white and a tiny impertinent scarlet hat crammed down on to a wealth of golden hair. She was burnished. Her throat was adorably white and smooth, fit background for the milky pearls that lay upon its loveliness. Her ungloved hands were manicured, tinted to a pinkness at the tips, and there came from her some faintly subtle perfume that recalled the East. There was sandalwood in it, myrrh, all manner of delicate winds flung across a handful of desert roses. It was enchanting.

He carried her indoors and laid her on the sofa, this limp armful of loveliness. He had felt the warmth close to him, the perfume of her, the contact of soft flesh against his own rough cheek. He was bemused by it. When she opened her languid eyes he saw, to his surprise, that in a white flower of a face, for all her white and goldenness, her eyes were dark.

"You've had an accident," he said. "You fainted, and I brought you in here. You must not be frightened."

Mists of tears filmed the darkness. With a womanish tenderness he wiped them away. It gave him a new and glorious power, leaning over a woman's fragrant body, wiping away the tears from flower-petal whiteness and eyes dark as cedars. It gave him a glow, a thrill; it was the love experience that he had missed.

She told him about herself hesitatingly. It was a pathetic yet exquisite story. She was on the stage. She admitted it frankly, and he sensed her expectation that he would shrink from her. A deep wave of pity crushed him into its tide. She had been left alone in the world and had been forced to earn her living. There was nothing else that she could do, so she took this up. She hated the stage really, though she had done well. She was a great actress. There was nothing true about the life, she said; it was sham. It was veneer and glitter, and under its burnish there was a hard and ugly side. She longed to creep away from it, that was why she came for rides into the country in her car. She loved the smell of the country, of cow's parsley, of June scything the world, of long lush grasses and clovers. She loved the sound of it, bird wings brushing in the soft, tender leaves; bird voices calling a twittering love in fecund hedges. But she was a poor driver and this had happened. She would never have the nerve to drive back to London, and she would be late for the show. She wrung her pathetic little hands in distress. She was so childlike that he longed to take her into his arms and console her. She was frail. She was all flower and never woman.

"I will take you back," he promised; "the local garage will put the car straight. I'll drive you up."

HE drove her to the theatre that night. They talked of the simple things of life, the little lovelinesses that flood a world tided by June. He drove her into the heart of London with the throng surging about the theatre like a sea, and the atmosphere and the smoke, and the drenching personality in the general urge to succeed. Because she insisted he went inside. From a stage box he watched her act. It seemed inconceivable that she was the same beautiful girl whom he had carried into his own house that afternoon. She was a great actress. She was no longer a simple child whom he longed to protect. When she lay in his arms he had felt dominant and possessive, but here it was all different. She was a Hungarian princess. She sang gloriously, and she danced in that marvellous way that only genius dances. She was wind on a heath, dawn rippling through the valley, surf laughing as it slips from sea to shore. He watched her spellbound.

He was jealous of the young Hungarian lover who danced with her, who caressed her, and caught her white loveliness in his young arms. The man had youth, and at the moment John, rich and hero as he might be, was avid for youth.

Before the evening was out he knew the truth. He was in love. He was over forty, and believed that he had put all his life behind him, but that was not so. Life lay before him. The greatest adventure of all was here, knocking at his door and seeking admittance. When we think of life as over it is only just beginning. That night when he went to bed he searched the glass greedily for trace of wrinkle and grey hair, for sagging muscle and line. He was Faust demanding youth again. He was insistent for it. It was the elusive mirage haunting him.

Flower came to the house often after that. It seemed part of the romance that her name should be Flower, for as such he always thought of her. Haltingly he asked her to marry him. He felt old and perhaps a little afraid. Even a gilded age is no fit partner for such exultant youth. He had wealth, but there are some things that wealth cannot buy. Youth is one of them. Love is another.

"I think I have always loved you," said Flower, and her eyes were misty as they had been that first day. They were dark flowers. Brownness of sunflowers, even the deadly nightshade, most heartless of them all.

AMIEL bringing in the tea withdrew again. He wondered how much Amiel knew. It was difficult to gauge her thoughts, you could not tell. She could have had but little of love herself; she was too simple. Until Flower had glittered across his horizon John had thought of Amiel in terms of affection. But against Flower she faded. Flower was exquisite, she was porcelain-pale, harvest gold. Her profile was set like a delicate cameo against the background of his good intentions. Amiel was insignificant. The thin red hair was not flame really. She had nothing to recommend her save her solicitude for his creature comfort. She was a picture that had sunk into its setting and become more frame than picture. Once she might have been a personality, but now to him she was merely a machine that worked according to system.

Flower said "Yes." She said it with just the right amount of halting shyness. She slipped into his arms, and he met the cool clinging of her lips and the soft fluttering of her hands about his neck. It was fanciful of him that he should think of mirage at that moment. A quiet limpid pool, with faint ripples on its surface caused by a heaven-sent wind. It was nothing but death dressed in a fair masquerade.

When the run of the piece ended they would marry. They would go again to Cairo, to Luxor, to all those places that he had loved so well. They were created for passion, those cities of the East. He had always thought of them for loving, but not for living. There is a wide difference.

He bought Flower a car. He bought her pearls and a great white diamond, his seal upon her finger. He bought her exquisite frocks and furs, and he lived in his radiant Paradise of anticipation. But Eden has a brittle loveliness. It is for ever a bright bubble upon the mirage of our desire. One breath and it blows away. One twist and the serpent is in its midst, and it subsides into that outer thorny world of indifference.

He overheard Flower talking behind the scenes. He was hidden by a clump of cardboard trees and hemmed in by wicker travelling baskets so that he could not stop her in time.

"Darling, I love you," said Flower to the Hungarian lover, "but you are poor. I am expensive. You could not cope with my expensiveness. Now John is rich."

"And that is why you are marrying him?" said the young man. Because he was angry his voice was loud and penetrating, also he supposed that they were alone.

"Exactly," said Flower. "Do you suppose that I love him? He is old. He must be forty. He believes in all those things that you and I know do not exist. As if one could love a man like that."

Behind the grotesque cardboard trees and the wicker baskets John did not ask to escape. He wanted to hear more, but his eyes were glazing as they glazed when he saw the vultures flocking towards where he lay. When he saw that mirage spreading its limpid loveliness tantalisingly before him. But here he felt there could be no tinkling camel bell.

"I timed my accident very well," said Flower, plying a pencil to a thinly shaved eyebrow. "And he was so simple he never asked what caused it. He thought I did not know he lived there. Aren't men fools?"

"When you are married I may come to you?" pressed the ardent young man.

"God knows I shall be only too grateful for a little fellow-feeling!" she said piously.

THE call-boy came round. There was the muffled hum of the orchestra from the other side of the curtain. There was beckoning and stir, and Flower gliding forward to take up her position. There was the idiotic mummery going forward. All the while, hemmed in behind cardboard trees and wicker baskets, the man who had dared to believe that love was something more than mirage.

He went out into the night.

He left a note, and he knew that ended it. He had been a fool, an old fool. It takes all sorts to make a world, and there must be some old fools in it. As he stepped across his own threshold and saw Amiel coming out of the kitchen with sandwiches for him, he saw a strange spectre slip before his eyes. It was a quiet limpid pool, with faint ripples on its surface caused by a heaven-sent wind. Nothing but death dressed in fair masquerade. It was mirage.

"Come here, Amiel," he said.

He told her briefly what had happened. The very words bit into his soul. Love had been a steel trap and its teeth savaged him. He said little. She stood there watching him, and he saw a certain softness in her palely whimsical eyes and an enchantment about her sweet mouth. Somehow he knew now that she reminded him of his mother, and when a man is reminded of his mother there is nothing more to be said.

She put out a hand and he took it, holding it firmly,

clinging to it like a desperate shipwrecked man to a spar.

"I've been such a fool, Amiel," he said in husky tones.

"You're always a dear," she whispered brokenly.

"To think that she staged the accident. To think that it was all sham."

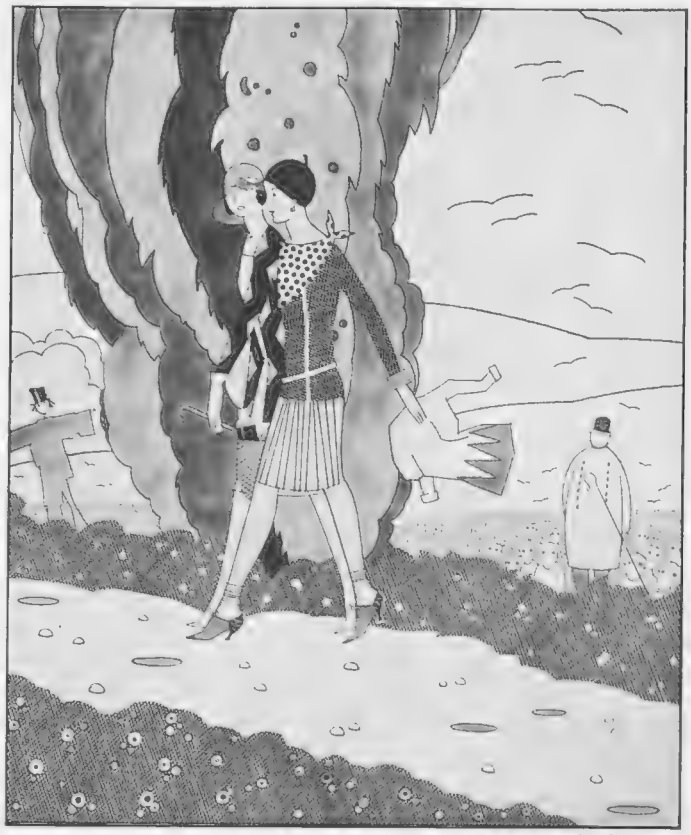
"Yes," said the girl.

Her mind was racing back to the day when she had applied to come here. To the time when she had seen his picture in the papers, the hero with the lonely eyes, and when she had realised that this might happen. He would be hunted. Some woman would win him by a pretty face and not because she loved him. He would be the victim of plot and counterplot. Amiel had plotted, too. She had plotted because she had loved the honesty of his eyes, and the little wrinkles experience had laid about them. She also had come with the avowed intention of winning him if she could. "But I'll make him happy," she told herself, and there was something fierce about the declaration. Something splendidly savage like a tigress mother when she defends her young. There are two ways of plot and counterplot, and one is very beautiful and the other is very cruel.

They kissed. He realised suddenly that the thin red hair was flame leaping in upon the hearth of his desire. That her eyes in their solicitude could wake to something very near to beauty.

As they kissed he saw the mirage again. It was drifting away into distance in the reality of the moment. It was a limpid pool, and in its rippled waters lay mirrored the lovely but cold face of Flower. There were the petal paleness, the golden arcs of lashes, and the eyes dark as cedars. There was no pity in them at all.

But mirage is a pitiless affair. U. B.



By Baird

JILL: ". . . and he promised to love me for ever and ever . . ."
JEANNE: "Ah—men!"

RUBBER, according to scientists, gets tired. So that's why it stretches.

* * *

NOWADAYS a necessity is almost any luxury you see in the home of a neighbour.

* * *

THE bulls and bears seem to have declared an armistice on the Stock Exchange, due to a scarcity of lambs.

THE "DRAGONFLIES" ON TOUR

A photograph taken during the annual tour of this club, which included matches with Shorncliffe Garrison and the Royal Marines at Deal and Hythe. L. Millward (Umpire), H. C. Nield, P. Eve, R. C. Mordaunt, H. F. Bagnall, A. F. Rawlinson, W. A. T. Synge, S. Rogerson, the Hon. R. A. Liddell, H. C. Dunell, E. J. L. Mordaunt, Captain J. U. Hogarth and N. B. Colt

BY WILL OWEN

"SOMEBODY'S PINCHED OUR CAR"

FILM NOTES

MORE SUCCESSFUL BRITISH FILMS

By Lionel Collier

LAST week, preceding a tribute to Alfred Hitchcock's masterpiece, "Murder!" I referred briefly to two other recent British pictures, "Two Worlds" and "The Yellow Mask," as having certain good qualities, but which also invited a certain amount of adverse criticism.

THEY both agree, however, in containing excellent technical qualities which shows that in this respect British studios are fully capable of holding their own with foreign competitors. This is especially noticeable in "Two Worlds," where Charles Rosher's camera work and the artistically composed and lit sets form the main attraction of the film.

The Discovery of Murder! Norah Baring is one of the first to find Doucie Markham, the murdered woman, whom she regarded as an enemy. A thrilling scene in B.I.P.'s third bi-lingual talkie, made at Elstree

Diana (Norah Baring), who has been found guilty of murder, being questioned by Sir John (Herbert Marshall). A dramatic scene in the prison ward in "Murder," B.I.P.'s third bi-lingual talkie, produced by Alfred Hitchcock

I WISH I could be equally enthusiastic about the material that E. A. Dupont has used for his story or for his methods of telling it. He has taken a small village on the Austro-Russian battle front as his locale and has allowed the tide of war to sweep back and forth over it.

FIRST of all there is a pogrom when the Austrians are in occupation, and an officer, in putting a stop to it, accidentally kills the son of a prominent Jew. When the Russians advance and take the village the Austrian officer, who is having an affair with a lady of his acquaintance, is left behind. He is saved and hidden by the Jew's daughter, and the old Jew even goes so far as to pretend he is his son when the search for him commences.

Lola Lane, the pretty nineteen-year-old film star, has fallen for the latest Hollywood fad for British lace. She uses it for underwear. Lola will be seen shortly as the heroine in James Cruze's latest talkie, "The Big Fight"

Lupino Lane as Sam Slipper, the enterprising though somewhat feather-brained young reporter, in "The Yellow Mask." Among many other exciting adventures he smokes opium, and here he is registering surprise, with a touch of alarm, at the results

THEN love dawns, and, as is usual in the circumstances, trouble commences. The Jew, who would sooner see his daughter dead than married to the Christian officer, writes an anonymous letter denouncing his captive. However, the letter is not delivered until the Austrians retake the town. It then falls into the hands of the Austrian commander, who happens to be the officer's father. When he hears of his son's love he is as equally indignant as the Jew was, and threatens to have the old man shot if he does not give her up. The officer does the "right thing" and tells the Jew that he will renounce her to save his life. Further, he demands that he shall not give the reason, so that the girl will retain her affection for her father.

ALL this is developed very slowly, in fact, painfully slowly. E. A. Dupont is a German producer, and he exhibits here one of the faults that is common to many of his countrymen's work—an idea that dramatic intensity is accentuated by exhibiting an almost slow motion complex.

In addition to this he has obviously been influenced by Russian methods. He has adopted quick contrasts, such as the wailing of the Jew over his dead, followed by a gay dance tune. The contrast is too violent to be effective; one simply feels that it is artifice, and so it becomes at once theatrical and unconvincing.

He has overdone, too, the trick beloved of the Russians of single frame cutting; in other words, switching one in a kaleidoscopic manner from one object to another. In some cases this is very effectual, but, except in his opening sequences, which depict the havoc of war, I only found it irritating here.

E. A. Dupont made his reputation in "Vaudeville," a brilliant picture which featured Emil Jannings, and since then, with the possible exception of "Atlantic," which owed more to its scenic and technical qualities than to the real essentials of drama, I feel he has not added to it. He needs to forget cleverness for its own sake, and to concentrate more on his story values. The play, after all, is still the thing.

ACTING honours go to Randle Ayrton as the Jew, Donald Calthrop as his friend, and C. M. Hallard as the Colonel. These are all well characterised. Neither Norah Baring as the Jewess, nor John Longden as the officer, put any conviction into their rôles.

L. C.

Greta Garbo is talking again in London. "Romance" is the name of her latest picture, made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and directed by Clarence Brown. Lewis Stone takes the part of Cornelius Van Tryl, and Greta is Cavallini

Norma Talmadge as she will be seen in her latest film, with the alluring title, "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," made by United Artists, now nearing completion.

HAPPY REFLECTIONS!

Express

Viscount Windsor and Lady Gillian Windsor-Clive, the children of the Earl and Countess of Plymouth, admire their own reflections—undisturbed by the goldfish—at St. Fagan's Castle, near Cardiff

PARIS GOSSIP

Sport and Genera

DEAUVILLE IN THE SUNSHINE
A typical smart crowd on the Plage, showing the Bou de Soleil well patronised

SAINTS' DAYS and DRESS RAIDS — By Sylvia Lyon

Central News
A fair visitor wearing a lace bathing costume

WHEN the Sultan of Morocco was at Deauville recently, having a great enthusiasm for the cinema he went to the movie show at the Casino. It was before the hour for the programme to start, but the director of the establishment, tactfully making no mention of the fact, after escorting his noted guest to a seat, ordered the film operator to turn on the picture. A few minutes later the Sultan noticed that he was alone in the hall. He thought this astonishing, as he found the picture very good indeed. There could be but one reason for the emptiness of the theatre, so, asking for the director, he magnanimously said that there was no need to keep the common people of Deauville out of the cinema!

The director kept his sang-froid, said he appreciated the Sultan's democratic viewpoint, and made a bluff at calling in the hoi polloi. However, nobody appeared until after nine.

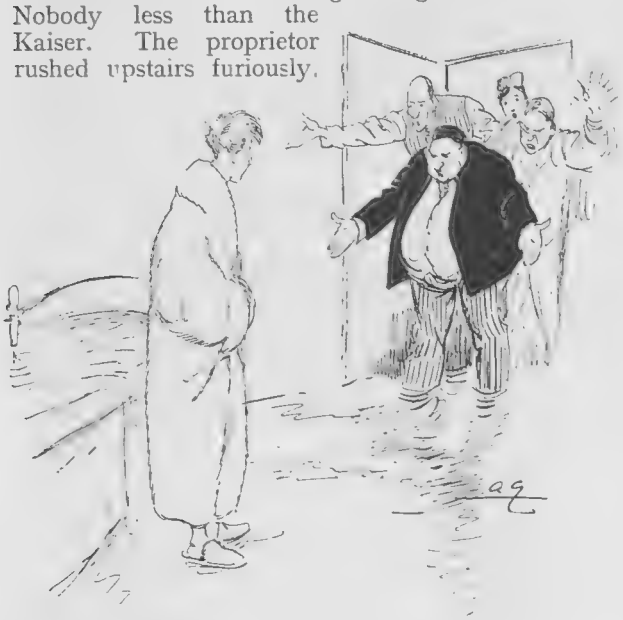
THIS reminds me of a story of Li Hung Chang, the Chinese statesman and financier In the early part of this century the Celestial personage arrived in Paris on an official visit. One of the events provided for his entertainment was to take him through the vaults of the Bank of France. In the eerie greenish glow of the cellars, far below ground level, he was shown the manipulation of the vaults, their trick locks and police alarms. Their precious contents were displayed, and one of the bank directors handed to Li Hung Chang a gold ingot so that he could feel its weight. The Chinese personage bowed, murmured a few gracious words of thanks, and handed the ingot to one of his suite. There was a damp and flurried look upon the brows of the bank personnel until one of the men who at one time had seen service in the Far East department of the Quai d'Orsay, and therefore had a most eclectic knowledge of even Chinese protocol, glibly explained to Li Hung Chang that the Bank of France was no longer giving away souvenirs even to such august personages as himself.

"Handed to Li Hung Chang a gold ingot"

THREE young French boys, all sons of important French bankers, were recently at The Hague on a visit. They were stopping at the Hôtel des

Indes, and one of the boys let his bath tub overflow. The water went right through to the floor below. And what was on the floor below? Nothing less than an antique shop. And what article was simply soaked in the antique shop? Nothing less than a valuable rug. Not one of those ordinary valuable rugs, but a rare weave, the rareness being in a certain green silk, of which only a few examples are in existence.

And to whom did the rug belong? Nobody less than the Kaiser. The proprietor rushed upstairs furiously,



"The water went through to the floor below"

surrounded by an equally raging hotel staff, and the poor boys nearly died of fright. They immediately had to hand over all the money in their possession to pay for temporary repairs to the ceiling of the antique shop.

But that was not all. One boy had just enough money left to buy a third-class ticket to Paris so that he could borrow one hundred and fifty thousand francs as a "caution." A "caution" is a deposit put up by defendants in a monetary lawsuit. For the rug was loaned by Kaiser Wilhelm II for exhibition. So far, nobody knows who is bringing a suit—the Kaiser, the dealer in antiques, or the hotel. But I would like to know which of the boys was taking a bath. As a Gaul, he will think twice about it next time!

The bright maxim of the week: The Hostellerie Jean-Jacques, the inn operated at Ermenonville by Armand and Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld, opposite the chateau left them by their uncle, Prince Léon Radziwill, is such a success, and such a gay time is held there every week-end, that people are calling the place The Maxim's de la Rochefoucauld.

ENGLAND may have its Bank Holiday, but no anti-clerical political system has ever altered the number of French saints' days. Anybody glancing over a French calendar will learn of more saints than he ever suspected. They seem to have been born every day in the year, and the French, most practically, find it convenient to declare a holiday whenever a saint's birthday or other religious anniversary falls on a Friday.

Thus the populace is given a long week-end, and the city is so smitten by seeing the iron shutters put up—a method called jour férié—that they pack up and leave town whether they want to or not. On a recent Thursday after working hours the railway stations were jammed; but fur-coated women carrying tennis rackets and muffled men carrying canoe-paddles were an incongruous sight. Dressed for the weather, they looked as though they should have been carrying whale-harpoons and leading Eskimo dogs instead of Sealyhams.

OVER this Assumption Day many things will be pondered. The week saw two timely events: a midinette strike and a dressmaker's raid. A short time ago the sewing-girls in the ateliers of the big couturiers were awarded an increase in salary by the dressmakers' syndicate. All the big houses conceded the increase, save one. So one morning the rue St. Florentin, where this couturier flourishes, was thronged with midinettes, from premiers mains to apprentices, all looking very happy while they posed for photographers. However, the strike took a serious turn, and it required a quick court decision to force the couturier of international fame to raise his employees pay.

FASHION-WRITERS were gurgling all the week over the raid made on an apartment occupied by two American dress-buyers. It seems that these commissionaires rented a flat under a Frenchman's name, and turned it into a fashion-bootleggers' studio. They would go to the various collections, select a few models, go again to the establishment to have one more glance at the dresses in the smaller confines of a fitting-room, and always brought with them a sly artist, who sketched the models while the buyer bargained.

At the most, two gowns would be purchased, and while so doing the adjutant had made sketches of fifteen or twenty others. Costumes were quickly made up from these sketches with perhaps some detail changed.

Another form of dress-cheating is the bribing of delivery boys to stop off while on their way to some bona fide client, and allow a dress-cheater not only to copy a pattern for himself, but make fifty or one hundred toile patterns to sell to others.

SOME months ago an American girl was fitting a dress at an avowed copyist's when there was a terrific uproar. The police entered, accompanying an attaché of one of the important dressmakers, flung boxes about, gathered up rolls of material supposed to be reserved for this particular house, and made off with the entire contents of the copyist's apartment, amid the shrieks of the "little dressmaker" and the blushes of the American girl who had quickly taken off her dress in fear of being summoned as a witness. S. L.

"Made off with the entire contents of the copyist's apartment"

WOMEN'S RECORDS SMASHED

Central Press

The Women's A.A.A. Championships at Stamford Bridge. Miss M. Cornell (No. 3), Mitcham A.C., was the winner of the 90 metres hurdles in 12⅖ seconds

Central Press

Miss G. Lunn (Birchfield H.), winning the 880 yards race in the world's record time of 2 mins. 18⅕ secs. The men's world's record is 1 min. 51⅗ secs. Two other world's records and one British record were beaten during this meeting

Planet News

Miss E. M. Hiscock (London Olympiades A.C.), winning the 100 yards sprint by 2 yards in 11⅖ secs. The men's world's record is 9⅗ secs.

Another world's record. Miss C Mason (Middlesex H. A.C.), breasting the tape at the finish of the mile walk, completed in 8 mins. 14⅖ secs. The men's world's record is 6 mins. 25⅘ secs.

I.N.

SHOOTING NOTES

HOW ABOUT THE PARTRIDGES By "Clodhopper"

JUDGING by the reports one reads in most of the principal daily and weekly publications, the partridge shooting season, which opens on Monday next, is to be just as good, if not rather better, than that of last year. Without wishing to appear pessimistic, I have no hesitation in saying that the season, like the proverbial curate's egg, will be good in parts only.

I VENTURE to suggest that many of the partridge reports in question were founded upon an exceptionally good nesting and hatching period, which certainly pointed towards a bumper partridge crop.

IN any case, such reports could not have been written actually "on the spot" in districts that were visited by the disastrous fortnight or so of torrential rains and bitterly cold nights, experienced in so many agricultural areas, shortly after the main-hatch in July.

FROM personal observation, and unquestionable information received from landowners, keepers and farmers in various parts of the Midland and Eastern counties, I know only too well that the untimely rains and cold nights played sad havoc among the young broods.

THE most lamentable example of wholesale partridge mortality from wet and chill which has come under my notice for a good many years occurred on a certain famous South Nottinghamshire manor during last month's deluge.

ALTHOUGH an unusually heavy stock of strong, healthy birds was left over on the 10,000 acres in question from last season, they experienced no difficulty in obtaining an ample supply of food throughout the remarkably mild and open winter. The weather conditions during incubation were ideal, and the main hatch so successful that last season's bags, which, incidentally, averaged about 150 brace each weekly driving day, were quite expected to be surpassed this year.

BUT the fatal downfall literally washed away all such hopes of another rattling good season on this estate; whole broods of well-grown partridge chicks were subsequently picked up dead by the keepers and haymakers; while the many pairs of old birds now to be seen on the pastures and freshly reaped stubbles, either solus or with but two or three youngsters—the survivors of, perchance, a goodly covey—speak eloquently of the devastating effects of cold rains and chilly nights upon young and practically helpless game-birds.

GAPES, too, have been much more prevalent than was the case last year, more particularly in regard to hand-reared pheasants. Early in July I received a letter from the owner of a noted sporting estate in Norfolk to the effect that serious losses had occurred in his rearing fields from this disease.

I ALSO know that considerable trouble from gapes has been experienced in Sussex and other parts of the country, not only in the rearing fields, but since the birds were put to covert.

AS the majority of shooting men are aware, gapes is a malignant disease caused by the presence of the trematode worm in the windpipe, which only too frequently causes death from suffocation to its victims.

Until comparatively recent years, it was generally believed that the gape-worm confined its attacks to game birds pure and simple. It has since been discovered, however, that the crows and many of the smaller species of British birds are not immune to this fell and painfully distressing malady.

IF taken in time on the rearing-field the death-rate among pheasants affected with gapes may be greatly reduced by fumigation. Once the birds go to covert, however, game-rearers can do no more than feed their charges judiciously and bountifully, trusting the while that at least a fair percentage of the stronger birds will pull through.

But it is still a far away cry to October, and taken on the whole there appears to be nothing very much to grumble about the pheasant-shooting prospects for 1930.

AND there is, of course, a brighter side to the "partridge picture" than that depicted elsewhere. In well-favoured cultivated districts, such as were not so seriously affected by the cold rains of last month as those of some of the Midland and Eastern counties, sport with the little brown birds promises to be better than average.

Owing to unfavourable harvesting weather a good deal of corn still remains standing in many parts of the country at the time of writing these notes. It is, therefore, difficult to form any definite idea regarding the number and strength of the coveys on lands where the crops are unreaped, but I repeat that in my opinion the coming partridge season will prove to be of a rather patchy order. It is to be sincerely hoped that I am mistaken.

Mr. George H. Taylor's shooting party at Rathmell, Yorkshire, including Miss Betty Kemp-Welch, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Rita Layton, Miss Dorothy Taylor, Miss Susan Smith, Mr. Gordon Maxwell, Dr. Aitken, Dr. Gill, Mr. Guy Waterworth and Mr. Geoffrey Cawgill Taylor

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

A KEEPER'S TASK.

TWO important principles apply to partridge shooting. The first is that sufficient shooting is as necessary to ensure full yields as pruning in the case of fruit trees; the second that breeding stock should comprise the largest possible proportion of young birds. Granting that October is the proper month to shoot partridges and that in September the broods are comparatively immature, there is nevertheless ample justification for carefully arranged sport in the earlier month. Perhaps "sport" is the wrong word to use, because none but experienced and level-headed gunners should participate, since their one and only object should be to take the largest possible toll of old birds. During the first week of the month all the ground should be carefully walked by a party of two whose operations should be exclusively directed to achieving the object named. Even if ordinary fixtures are not held over till the appropriate driving month conditions will be greatly improved by this advance treatment. Its main object is to ensure cutting out the old wood and so ensuring freedom for the vigorous saplings upon which the future bearing of the tree depends. You may not attain a breeding pair per acre, but you avoid the disappointment of having valuable young stock driven away to finding nesting quarters elsewhere.

Sport and General

Capt. H. Astley's cocker spaniel brings in a bird at Mr. J. W. Astley's shoot at Hawes

GROUSE ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS

MR. WM. NICHOLSON'S SHOOT ON COLSTERDALE MOOR

A group of the guns. Reading from left to right: Capt. Hay, Mr. K. Nicholson, Lord Wraxall, Mr. Wm. Nicholson, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, Sir Donald Horsfall, and Mr. G. C. Hamilton

Mr. Wm. Nicholson, accompanied by a retriever, riding up to the moor on his way to the shoot

MR. J. W. ASTLEY'S SHOOTING PARTY AT HAWES

(Above) Mr. J. W. Astley alert in a butt

(On the left) Breaking off for luncheon on the moors. Good bags have been generally reported now that the weather has given signs of clearing

Photos Sport and General

FLYING NOTES

THE INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE OF FLYING

By Capt. C. E. Ward

L.N.A.

Captain Barnard, the famous airman, recently flew to Malta and back in 26 hours, the first of many long non-stop flights which he hopes to accomplish, including a visit to Tangier which would be the first non-stop flight from England to Africa. Captain Barnard is here seen in front of his Puss Moth aeroplane

Britain's Place in the Air

I SUPPOSE politics, big business, world affairs, seem far removed from possible influence by the latest type of light aeroplane or its owner. Nevertheless, Britain's place in the air, which is the future equivalent to its place on the high seas of yesterday, will be determined by the measure of interest taken in flying by the young people of to-day, who will provide the money to build more and better aeroplanes, and give us the capital and the experience to operate air routes throughout the world.

Whilst the plumber's mate may be primarily interested in the price of beer, the possibilities of the dole, and the result of the 3.30, it is a fact that all these important things which influence his life are in themselves affected adversely or otherwise by the prosperity of the country. The state of trade and the control of transport are the principal factors which affect our prosperity as a nation. We have the opportunity to-day, by supporting all forms of air activity, to place Britain in a position of strategy not possessed since Disraeli bought control of the Suez Canal. Having been supported so thoroughly by the Heir to the Throne, flying must become fashionable in course of time, and such a change of fashion may well turn the tide of unemployment if we use our opportunities to-day.

Air Touring in England

ONE of the great advantages in possessing an aeroplane is that it provides a ready means of escape from bad weather, it being rare that the latter is bad enough to cover the whole country. A recent tour by two members of the Lancashire Club in the new sports Hermes Avian, presented by Lord Wakefield, illustrates that 2,000 miles can be covered in comfort during five days at an average speed of 100 miles an hour.

Leaving Woodford Aerodrome on Sunday they proceeded by way of Blackpool and Carlisle to Glasgow, crossing to Edinburgh, and south to Newcastle on the following morning. After an extensive "ramble" over the Yorkshire moors, followed by a tour of the East Coast resorts, they flew to Lympne, and on Tuesday they went to Shanklin, Isle of Wight, for the day. Haldon Aerodrome at Teignmouth was used as headquarters on the following day, and the final stage on Thursday took them home via Yeovil, Bristol, and Castle Bromwich.

Air touring in England is still handicapped by lack of organised landing grounds, but the number is growing each year, and judging by the popularity of flying at those summer resorts which are up to date enough to encourage it no pleasure centre can afford to be without an aerodrome. The Blackpool Corporation is spending nearly £10,000 on a club-house at Stanley Park Aerodrome, the management of which will be in the hands of N.F.S. for seven years.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKIES

A fine snapshot showing No. 601 County of London (Bombing) Squadron during a flight. Commanded by Squadron Leader Sir Philip Sassoon, this squadron recently took part in the "war" between Blueland and Redland

The Seaplane

COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL has again become the tenant of a moving buoy on the Welsh Harp, having returned to his old love, the seaplane, after using a land machine throughout the winter. This summer he has a Puss Moth with floats, and finds it most useful for week-end trips to the Scilly Isles. He is contemplating another seaplane trip to Germany, which, in common with most of the nearer European countries such as Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy and France, provides ideal landing places for such craft.

Although we have the finest flying boats and seaplanes in the world, very few private owners have been forthcoming so far. People who can afford to take yachts and motor boats to the Côte d'Azur would find small seaplanes no more expensive. A light amphibian, such as the "Cutty Sark," would be ideal for a holiday on the Riviera. There are aerodromes at St. Raphael and Nice for any overhauls or maintenance during a long stay.

Think of the pleasure to be had by flying from Nice to St. Tropez over the friendly Mediterranean, avoiding the crowded roads, and being able to drop in at the Golf Hotel, Beauvallon, or the Hotel du Cap at Antibes for a bathe and a cocktail before lunch.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive Bystander *photograph* *By Lenare*

A DISTINCTIVE COAT FROCK FOR COOL DAYS

Navy ondamussa, allied with white silk piqué, is used for this deceptively simple coat frock, which comes from Swan and Edgar. The skirt is composed of stitched panels, set on in points just below the natural waist and gradually widening towards the sloped hemline. A scarlet belt of patent leather supplies a vivid note of colour. The brim of the felt hat is lifted across the front, and the bag is of polished white leather strapped with blue

A Colour Chart for the Autumn

By Olive Caley Smith

The Newmarket boot for riding and walking, country and town shoes in a new autumn shade of python, and crêpe de Chine sandals piped with silver. From Abbott's

Magpie Hues and Golden-Browns

BROWNS, in every conceivable tone, predominate for out-of-town clothes: black and white is favoured for formal daytime ensembles: and beige, in all its more definite gradations, is a certain evening winner. Here, in a nutshell, is the basis of the autumn colour schemes. The browns are seen not only in tweeds, but in face cloth coats and coat-frocks. The magpie vogue influences even fur coats, white ponyskin being allied with black fox, or black ponyskin with ermine. And beige faille or satin—honey-toned or tinged with apricot—is worn with luxurious wraps of golden-brown velvet. A peculiarly deep pink—not quite so determinate as shrimp—is also seen in many of the collections, and a very difficult but effective mauve-y purple.

Shoes for Every Need

EVEN shoes have apparently become acutely "colour-conscious," and the new brown which Abbott's are sponsoring is an amazingly subtle tone. It is used for the laced and the Langtry court shoes shown at the head of this page. They were sketched at 324, Oxford Street, and are made of polished python. Deep toned, yet full of life, they have the advantage of harmonising perfectly with almost every other colour. The laced model costs 45*s*., and the court shoe, which has buckles finished with oxydised tips, may be procured for 48*s*. The price of the Newmarket boot, which is made of tan grain calf, with a flexible waterproof top, is 45*s*., and the very distinctive black crêpe de Chine sandals, piped with silver kid, are obtainable for 39*s*. 9*d*. White crêpe de Chine shoes may be safely entrusted to Abbotts, for they guarantee to dye them perfectly to any shade.

Equestrians and Motorists

WHEREVER hounds meet and whenever point-to-point races take place one may be absolutely certain of meeting the Milwata registered "Point-to-Point" waterproof, for it has won the approval of sportsmen and sportswomen all over the country. A lightweight double texture coat, tailored on masculine lines, in white or natural colour, it has a fan-shaped pleat at the back which may be spread over the saddle, and which is also a boon to motorists, for it gives so much extra width that the skirt can be well wrapped across the knees when sitting. Obtainable practically everywhere, it is available for men and women from 49*s*. 9*d*., and is guaranteed waterproof for at least two years.

Welcome News

SO great has been the demand for Pond's Skin Freshener, the invigorating astringent which was brought out as a companion to their famous Cold and Vanishing Creams that a reduction is being made in its price. This applies to the two larger sizes, which will be sold for 4*s*. instead of 5*s*. 6*d*., and for 2*s*. 6*d*. instead of 3*s*., the smaller size remaining at 1*s*. It has a very beneficial effect upon the skin, and it is good to know that if 6*d*. is sent to cover the cost of packing and postage Pond's Extract Co., 103, St. John Street, E.C.1, will forward samples of Cold and Vanishing Creams, the Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues.

Another Reduction

NOR is this the end of the splendid news we have for our readers, for we are able to announce a reduction in the price of Xantha, Courtauld's well-known lingerie fabric, which will in future be available for only 4*s*. 11½*d*. a yard. A rayon striped fabric, 48-49 inches wide, it is made in a wide range of shades, a great advantage being that, after innumerable washings, its soft texture and fresh colouring remain unchanged.

Here is the Milwata "Point-to-Point" waterproof coat. The fan-shaped inset at the back may be spread over the saddle, or, when motoring, it permits the coat to be wrapped generously over the knees

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

CRIMES, CLUES AND MR. CHESTERTON

By Ralph Straus

ONCE again I have been wallowing in crimes—watching all kinds of sleuths at work, attempting (with almost complete lack of success) to play sleuth myself, and in general having a very good time. For, like the bold young woman in Mr. Marcus Magill's new story, I like *A Good Murder* (Knopf: 7*s.* 6*d.*). "Look at the newspapers," says she. "We all pretend it is very dreadful, but whenever a good poison trial turns up . . . the papers are full of it. And we tumble over each other to buy the latest edition." It is quite true; we do. And why not?

BUT there are thrillers *and* thrillers, and they multiply exceedingly these days. An ingenious puzzle by itself is not enough. A new kind of detective is not enough. Even a fair deal with the reader—he does not always get it—is not enough. You must have something, however odd or unusual it is, which does seem to be mirroring life, and you must have men and women who are not dressed-up dolls. And there is no reason at all why a thriller should not be literature. It sometimes is. Mr. Chesterton has just published a new book of the kind which certainly is.

I MUST, however, at once admit that Wallace and Oppenheim fans will probably not be too ready to call *Four Faultless Felons* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*) a thriller at all. It is possible that they will fail to find anything particularly thrilling in all its three hundred pages. They may complain that Mr. Chesterton is attempting to burlesque everybody, including himself, who has ever written anything remotely resembling a detective story. They may even declare that they haven't the slightest idea what he is aiming at. Crimes which are not crimes at all, but good deeds such as every self-respecting Scout would give his ears to perform; burglars scattering largesse in the houses they are visiting professionally; murderers who do not kill, and traitors who are never disloyal—what on earth can it all be but the maddest of nightmares?

AND that, superficially, is what it seems to be: a mad nightmare, or, to be more correct, four mad nightmares, for each of the "felons" is called on to provide a story. Nightmare, however, is not the right word. These stories may be strange and fantastic, and even, if you like, a little mad, but there is nothing nightmarish about them. On the contrary, they resemble the dreams which you want to continue. They are all about crimes, it is true, and yet very little crime, or, rather, what highly civilised folk like ourselves choose to call crime, is allowed to creep in. All of which only means, of course, that we are accustomed to take far too much for granted.

SO here in this book, which to me at any rate *is* singularly thrilling, a man shoots a Colonial Governor, but, paradoxically, it is to save him from being shot. A doctor certifies a sane man as mad, and yet is not guilty of professional malpractice. As for the burglar who leaves brooches and cigars behind him, and who, at his trial for petty thieving in the streets, proves that his victims are *richer* after his hand has strayed into their pockets, he is very far from being the consummate ass that he seems to be. And finally, you have a man who, though undoubtedly bribed into betraying his four fellow-conspirators, yet remains guiltless of any sin whatever.

DEXTEROUSLY contrived tricks? Possibly they are; but there is something that is very far from being a trick behind them. There is a clear philosophy enshrined in these stories. You may argue that it is hardly required in a detective story. If you do, I should suggest your doing so some miles away from Mr. Chesterton.

SO much for the crimes which turn out not to be crimes, and before passing on to more ordinary, if gorier sleuthings, I must mention a curious tale translated from the German of Thomas Mann. *Mario and the Magician* (Secker: 5*s.*) is the (very short) story of a crime without more mystery than the presence of a professional conjuror renders necessary. It is well worth reading, even though it is about the untidiest piece of writing that has come my way for some time. The beginning has nothing to do with the end, and the end is so abrupt that for a moment I suspected the censor. But I fancy we have the story more or less as it was originally written, and it certainly contains one most memorable scene.

THE opening pages, so far as I can see, have little, if any, justification. They are singularly dull. A German family goes to an Italian seaside resort, and is not made too comfortable. They almost decide to go away, and I was beginning to wish they would, when Herr Mann suddenly gets down to his story. The family stays on, and witnesses the performance of the great Cipolla, hypnotist and thought-reader. It is not a very unusual performance, but it is described in a magnificently vivid way. Cipolla, the arrogant hunchback, who can work such wonders with his audience, is a real creation. He is a dreadful creature, and at the end of his entertainment he goes too far. The wretched waiter, who is his last victim, takes a typical Italian revenge—with a knife.

AND that is all. I was bitterly disappointed. Why the long introduction, without mention of Cipolla, and not a line of epilogue? The thing is badly constructed. But that evening performance in a stuffy little hall is so good in itself that you should not miss the book, and as you may think five shillings a stiff price for so short a story, I will add that it is illustrated in rather a jolly way and delightfully produced. A book cannot be judged by its length!

F. W. Schmid:

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

A recent portrait of this author, whose new novel, "Four Faultless Felons," is reviewed this week by Mr. Ralph Straus

Topical

Another beautiful Tudor residence will be lost to England when Hornby Castle, Yorkshire, seen above, which is doomed to destruction, disappears next month. Put up recently to auction, the highest bid was only £11,500, and consequently the whole of the exterior and the interior fittings will be sold by private treaty

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued*)

So I come to the detective puzzles. And first, there is *The Dying Alderman* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Henry Wade. Mr. Wade is such a good writer that one feels inclined to tell him to give detection a miss, but this quite possibly is the kind of story that suits him best, and he certainly knows the gentle art of baffling from A to Z. Here municipal politics play their part, the murder is committed in the Council Chamber itself, and, a little unkindly, perhaps, Mr. Wade puts quite a number of Councillors on the suspected list. An exciting yarn.

Then there is *Pinehurst* (Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John Rhode—a queer enough business. As it happened, I did spot the murderer of Mr. Coningsworth before I was meant to, but it was a pure piece of luck. The murderee, of course, had not been the nicest of men in his life-time, and thoroughly deserved all he got. But—how did he get it? His dead body was found neatly stacked up in the back of a car, where there ought to have been nothing but a large plaster-cast. What, moreover, had the lilies of the valley and the dismantled yacht and the drunken sailor and the two shots at the ceiling to do with the tragedy? Mr. Priestley once again makes his appearance, politely shows the police how their job should be done, and gives the reader a most admirable lesson in "deduction."

Again, there is Mr. Magill's book, whose title I have already mentioned. It is Molly Sullivan who admits that she *likes* a good murder. She is dining with some friends in a small London restaurant at the time, and almost immediately quite a good murder takes place within a few yards of her table. She and a doctor friend do most of the sleuthing, and the murderer is not who you think it is. This is a light-hearted yarn—with a title like that it more or less had to be—but it is also pleasantly exciting.

Sasha

Miss Fannie Hurst, who has been paying a visit to London where she will complete her forthcoming book, is an American author whose sales are enormous, and who receives a remuneration said to be on a bigger scale than that of any other writer in the world!

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE EMPTY HOUSE. By Algernon Blackwood. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)
LADY OF DAYLIGHT. By G. M. Attenborough. (Cassells: 7s. 6d.)
SOUVENIRS. By Floyd Dell. (Jarrolds: 7s. 6d.)
SEVEN SUSPECTS. By F. Ryerson and C. Clements. (Skeffington: 7s. 6d.)
DIAMONDS OF DEATH. By Hilda Willett. (Longmans: 7s. 6d.)
DESERT QUEST. By E. Milton. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)

Finally, there are two unusual thrillers. The first of these is *The Documents in the Case* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Years ago, in the days when hansoms drove up regularly to Mr. Holmes's rooms in Upper Baker Street, Robert Eustace, generally in collaboration with L. T. Meade, was busily contriving mysterious dramas for the magazines. Now, with the assistance of Miss Dorothy Sayers, who probably knows more about crime in fiction than anybody else, he gives us the strange story of the murdering of Mr. Harrison, who was supposed to have died of eating poisonous fungi.

The whole affair is "presented" by means of a series of letters and personal statements, of which the earlier ones, perhaps a little unfairly, though most charmingly, lead the reader astray.

The other story is *The House in Tuesday Market* (Jenkins: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by J. S. Fletcher. Now, usually in a murder mystery you may legitimately feel aggrieved if the author leaves you on the last page uncertain about the real murderer. Yet in this really ingenious affair you are left to decide for yourself between two men, and are not in the least dissatisfied. Which only means to say that Mr. Fletcher has discovered a new "twist." R. S.

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See also the 20.9 model

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THREE ATTRACTIVE FILM STARS

LILIAN AND "CHICKY" IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR BERLIN HOME

Lilian Harvey, the English film star, has made a great success in Germany. She will shortly be seen here in "The Love Waltz," a Viennese operetta, at the Regal

Norma Shearer takes the part of the one-time unattractive wife, who later becomes known as "the beautiful Mrs. Courtland Brown," in the film version of "Let Us Be Gay"—which differs from the play at the Lyric Theatre—to be seen at the Empire

Joan Bennett, United Artists' recent star, is busy working on a new film, "Smilin' Through," an all-talkie, all-colour production, based on the famous Broadway stage success written by Allan Langdon Martin. She plays opposite Harry Richman in "Puttin' On the Ritz"

HUNGARIAN STAGE BEAUTIES

Photos G.P.A.

Top: Magyar Agi, the diminutive dancer who has proved an outstanding success at the Winter Garden in Berlin. She weighs only 90 lbs., but draws considerably more than £90 per week owing to her popularity

Below: Gizella Bajor, perhaps the best-known actress in Hungary, who has held sway for so many seasons at the National Theatre in Budapest. She will make her first appearance in England in September at the Globe Theatre

Mercedes de Zombroy, the nineteen-year-old actress, who is generally recognised by the dramatic critics of her country as being not only one of the most attractive but also one of the most brilliant players of to-day. She is playing lead in the new play at the State Opera House in Budapest

WILD GAME "AT HOME" IN RHODESIA

Like so many sportsmen, the Prince of Wales has found greater pleasure in photographing big game in their natural state than in killing them. Off the beaten tracks of men herds of wild game may still be seen in limited areas of Africa. Here are two examples of wild life seen at home in Southern Rhodesia. The zebra is so charmed with the river scenery that he posed unconcernedly for the photographer, while the hippopotamus only yawned with vexation when a native waded into the river to throw stones at him. Then the hippo voiced his natural resentment at being disturbed in his sun-bath

MOTOR NOTES

A photograph of Miss Amy Johnson showing her outside the Grosvenor House Hotel when she was presented with a Morris M.G. Mark I sports car by Sir William Morris as a token of her pluck. Miss Johnson, when in Melbourne, used a Morris Isis car in connection with the various functions she attended, and also for her own recreation

GIVE US MORE GARAGES

By E. M. Wright

IN estimating the cost of running a car, an item which thousands of prospective motorists overlook is that of garage expenses. It is not only old pre-motoring houses which lack any accommodation for a car: thousands of new houses are yearly being built without either a garage or even the space to build one later on, and owners of such houses have no alternative but to pay rent at a public garage. "It is only a few shillings a week," they may say, but those few shillings a week mount up to a very handsome sum in an alarmingly short space of time. It is an item, too, on which no saving is possible. The car can be laid up during the winter months, for instance, in order to save tax and insurance, but one has still to pay for storing it, and the cost of housing the car may quite possibly become a more serious matter than the cost of the car itself.

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CARS, at any rate second-hand ones, are yearly growing cheaper and cheaper. Not only has production in this country trebled within the last few years, but an enormous proportion of the output of new vehicles is bought by those who are already motorists, and as every car dealer knows only too well, the thousands of perfectly sound, serviceable vehicles which are every year traded in in part exchange must be disposed of somehow. If it were only a question of initial cost the number of motorists would go up by leaps and bounds; if, too, the running costs of a car were governed entirely by the amount one used it, there would still be a large increase in our numbers. What really prevents any very large expansion of car ownership is the fact that some of the heaviest overhead expenses have still to be paid whether one uses the car daily throughout the year or only for holiday jaunts on fine week-ends in the summer. If he happens to live in one of the innumerable houses in which no provision has been made for keeping a car, the would-be motorist may well find garage rent so heavy an item as to make it impossible for him to run a car at all.

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CHEAPENING the cost of motoring is essential to any large expansion of car ownership. The proportion of those who could afford to run a car under present conditions, and who do not, is probably extremely small, while the number of those who would like to run a car but who find it just a little too expensive must be enormous. Those, for instance, who just cannot afford to keep a car are most likely to live in houses where no provision has been made for one. If their incomes were only a little larger they would quite probably be living in houses in which garage space was provided as a matter of course. As it is, the less they have to spend on running a car the more a car will cost them.

* *
*

OUR architects, of course, are very largely to blame for this state of affairs. At long last some of them have begun to realise that a garage is as necessary as a bathroom, but many of them still run up houses by the score in which it would be difficult to arrange adequate accommodation for a solo motor cycle, much less a car. And, incidentally, even where a garage is provided this is often far too small. Our architects have always been at least five or ten years behind the times. Where they now, apparently with some reluctance, provide room for one car, they ought to be building garages big enough for two. For just as many householders postpone having a car at all owing to garaging difficulties, others are prevented from running a second car because such garages as they do possess are only just large enough for one comparatively small vehicle.

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A WILLESDEN householder has hit upon a happy solution of the problem; he has converted the drawing-room of his house into a garage. What an interesting commentary this is on our changing manners. Scarce half a century ago the "parlour" was the very shrine of the mid-Victorian home. Its wax fruit, its antimacassars, its albums, and its hosts of useless knick-knacks were not for everyday use but were reserved for high days and

This vast structure of flowers conceals a 2-seater Singer Junior car, which recently gained first prize in the car class at a floral fête in Jersey. Despite its huge dimensions—14 feet high, 10 feet wide and 12 feet long—the little car was in "running order" and carried four passengers

holidays. Little by little the parlour has ceased to be a holy of holies, and has become a mere room to be lived in and used. From being a place where one sat correct and uncomfortable in one's very best and on one's best behaviour, it has, in one case at least, become a workshop where a very dirty householder assumes ungainly and undignified positions, wears his oldest clothes, and from time to time utters language which was not even hinted at in the parlour of days gone by.

St. Moritz Motor Works

All St. Moritz was en fête during the International Motor Week, which has now come to an end. This is only the second year it has been held, but it is already one of the "high lights" of the summer season. There were six motor events, including the newly organised International Club Competition and Motor Rally, which attracted strong support, particularly from South Germany and Italy. In addition to the Parade d'Élégance and the Expert Driving Competition, two thrilling races were staged, one a kilometre race for the Grand Prix de Pontresina, and the other the Bernina hill-climbing race over a course of 16½ kilometres from Poschiavo to the Bernina Pass, the latter being the culminating event of the week's programme. Among the competitors was the well-known German racing motorist, Count Arco, while the Alfa-Romeo and the Mercédès-Benz were two of the many well-known makes of cars which figured in the various competitions.

Achievement

"A Record of Achievement" is the title of a beautifully produced booklet dealing with the achievements of the Austin Seven on road and racing tracks and in countries where there are neither. A copy will be sent post free to any reader of The Bystander applying to the company at Longbridge Works, Birmingham.

A snapshot from Kandy, Ceylon, showing elephants saluting the Humber Snipe. Many of these cars are to be seen doing their duty to their owners on this island

Groceries in Your Car

Many materials are required in the modern motor car factory. Iron, steel, brass, aluminium, various kinds of wood, rubber, cotton for the tyres and the fabric, leather for the upholstery; all these are fairly obvious. But how many people know that sand is used? Probably, in these enlightened times, many motorists have some knowledge of foundry processes. Some of them, indeed, must be aware that sand is moulded into various intricate forms so that molten iron or aluminium may be poured into it to form castings, such as the cylinder block, the crank case, the gear box, and so on. Yet very few can have guessed that good, honest treacle is practically essential to this process—and in considerable quantities, too; for example, the Singer factory consumes no less than a hundred gallons of treacle a week. Mixed with linseed oil, it is used to bind the sand together so that it will retain the shape imparted to it by the moulders. Another rather "unlikely" thing to find in this, or any other department of a motor factory, is flour. This, too, is required for mixing with the sand in certain cases. At one time, sweepings from flour mills were used, but nowadays it is impossible to get them. Whether flour mills are not swept to-day, or whether the sweepings are sufficiently like good flour to pass as such, no man knoweth! But they cannot be bought, it is said, and the Singer foundry uses a bag a week of ordinary household flour.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

A GRASS COUNTRY

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"THE BERKELEY HOUNDS at Berkeley Castle."
"THE INVASION" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).
"TARR STEPS" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).
"THE QUORN at Shoby Cross-Roads."
"PUNCHESTOWN: Jumping a Big Bank."
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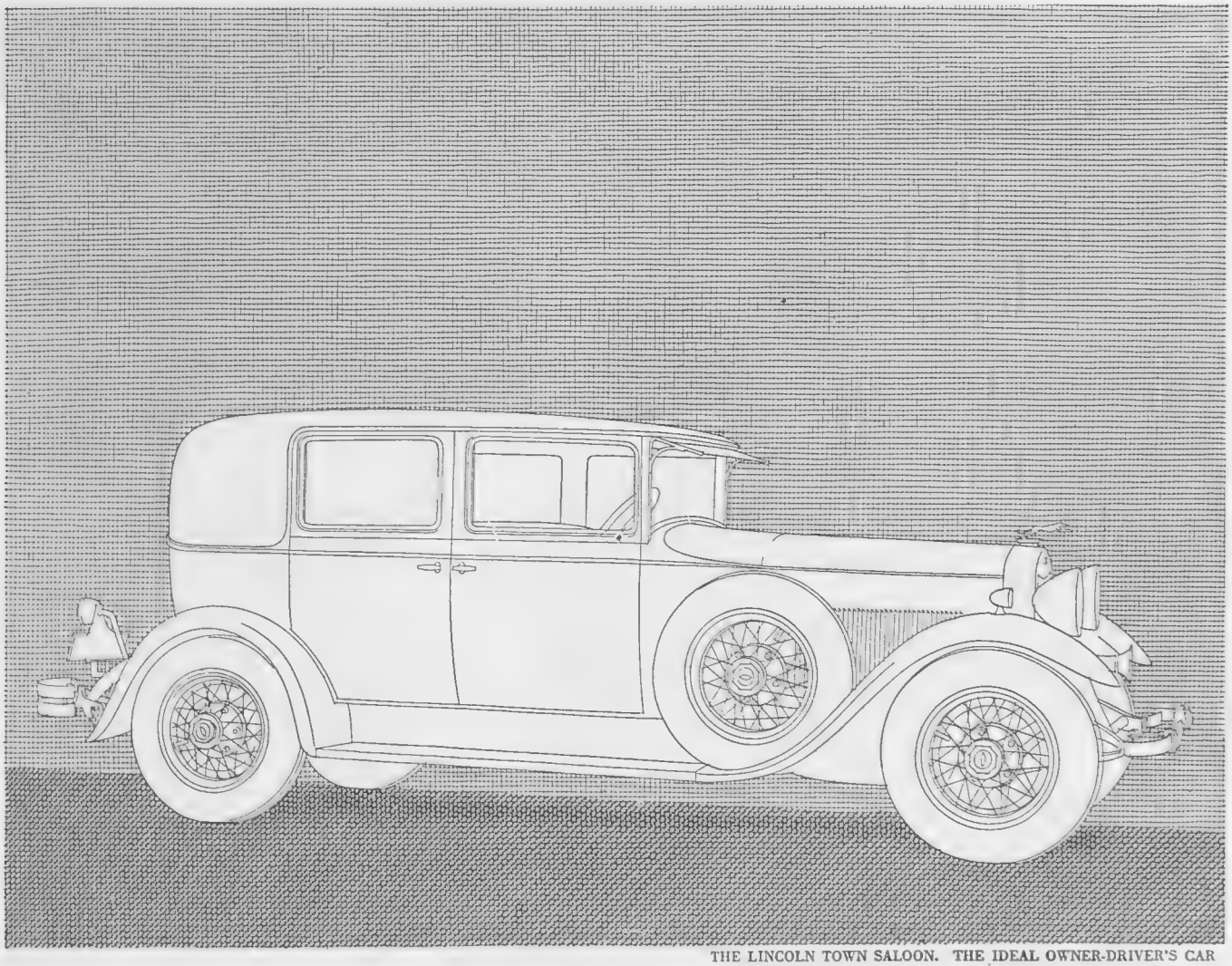

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DOGS

SPARE THE ROD...? By Lady Kitty Ritson

Beautiful St. Bernards, bred and owned by Mrs. Staines, of Hook Farm, Leigh, Surrey, somewhat bored by having to pose for the camera

Not long ago a correspondent wrote and asked my advice on how to prevent her dog fighting other dogs with no provocation. I suggested one or two good thrashings, but she told me, she "could never bear to beat a dog" and evidently regarded me as rather a brute.

Now I yield to no one in my love of dogs, but I shall always contend that a dog needs a beating when he disobeys or when he deliberately fights another dog for no reason. Dogs should obey implicitly and at once, no half-measures. Thank Heaven! we haven't reached the stage of explaining to our dogs the whys and wherefores of things as some misguided people do to the modern child. I expect my dog to wheel round as I call him, just as though he were at the end of an electric wire, and if he goes off without paying any attention to me he deserves, and gets, a beating.

A DOG who is really fond of his mistress or master does not mind being beaten when he knows he has done wrong, and when I say he does not mind I mean he is not cowed or frightened, but merely recognises that a richly deserved Nemesis has arrived.

OF course, there are the right and the wrong sorts of thrashings. A dog should be whipped on the flanks and with something flexible, never a stiff stick and never, never should he be hit about the head or the muzzle. It is wicked to beat a dog till he is bruised or injured, but he can howl with the pain of the smart without any harm being done.

REALLY, it should be the disgrace more than the actual thrashing that is the punishment, and I have known my own dog rush off and nip another dog and come back like a little gentleman to take his punishment.

BEATING a dog does and can stop a repetition of the offence, but it is a mistake to beat a dog for not coming when called, until it has realised exactly what is expected of him. For instance, most puppies can be trained to come when called by being taken out with an old and obedient dog. Once they know that they must come when they are shouted for, then they can be corrected for refusing to do so. A dog who is very disobedient can be made better by taking him out with a very long thin piece of rope or string attached to his collar. Let him run off, then call him sharply and when he does not come give him such a jerk that he is pulled on to his back. It will not hurt him, but it will "give him furiously to think."

YOU must always remember that different breeds have different characteristics. All sheep-dogs are obedient by nature, for instance. Collies, Alsatians, Bob-tails, etc., come naturally when called, but terriers and Dachshunds are frightfully self-opiniated. This is because their ancestors have been used for independent work such as badger and fox digging and have been trained not to come back until their work is finished. Therefore, although they can be trained to be obedient, it is harder for them and more patience is needed.

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Chicken Gastronome

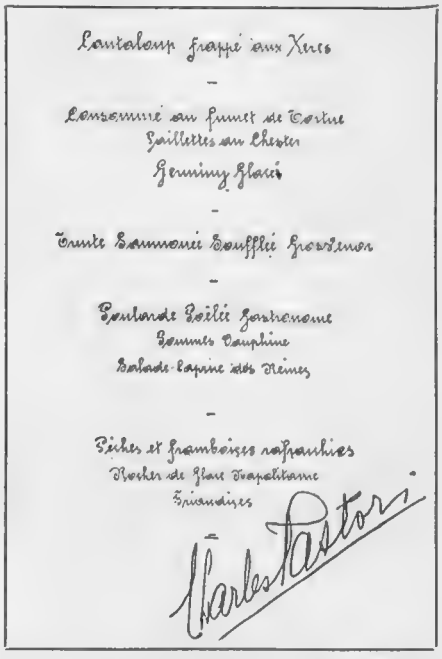
CHOOSE a chicken "de Bresse" for preference, of about 5 lbs.; dress it inside and outside, and cover with a band of lard. Pochée slowly in a deep saucepan; when three parts cooked, remove the band of lard and let it brown. Remove chicken after cooking about an hour and pour over it a glass of Xeres. Dress it on the dish and put around it the fond d'artichauts; garnish with kidneys and cock's comb, quenelles de volaille, truffles, mushrooms of Paris, bind with sue de volaille and Xeres with butter.

Salmon Trout Grosvenor

CHOOSE a nice firm, fresh salmon trout of about 2 lb. in weight. Open down the back, clean and remove the backbone. Dress and garnish with slices of lobster, then close and stitch. Cook in sherry cognac and turnet de poisson. When cooked, remove the skin, reduce the fond de Braisage, add some butter and pour it on the trout and ice à la Salamandre.

Crabe à La Diable

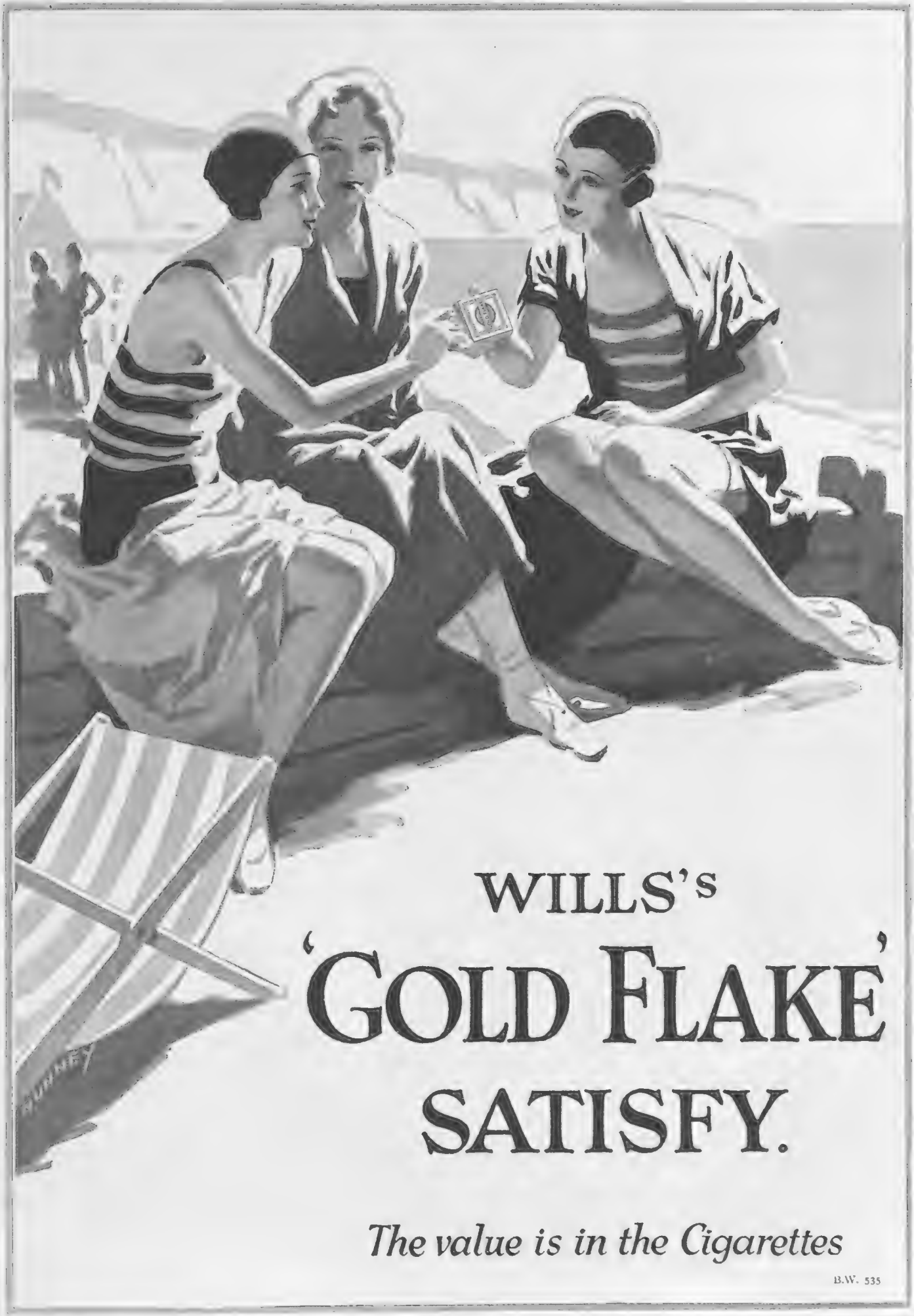
HAVE ready the meat of a crab, clean the shell, and put it aside until required. To a gill of thick white sauce add two tablespoonfuls of cream, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy sauce, a teaspoonful of chili vinegar, a small teaspoonful each of French and English mustard, a pinch of salt and cayenne, a shallot chopped very fine, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; add the meat to the sauce, stir all together for a minute or two, and then fill the shell with the mixture; smooth the top, brush over with oiled butter, and sprinkle with brown crumbs which have been seasoned with salt and pepper, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve.



A dinner served at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Recipes for Chicken Gastronome and Salmon Trout Grosvenor will be found on this page

Haricots Verts à la Crême

THE beans must be very young. Boil them in water with a sprig of parsley and some salt. When done drain in a colander, then put them into a stewpan with 1½ oz. of butter, some chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and just one grate of nutmeg. Sauté the beans over the fire for five minutes, and then mix in well with them a liaison of three eggs and the juice of half a lemon. When the liaison has become set dish them up with fancy fried croûtons round them.



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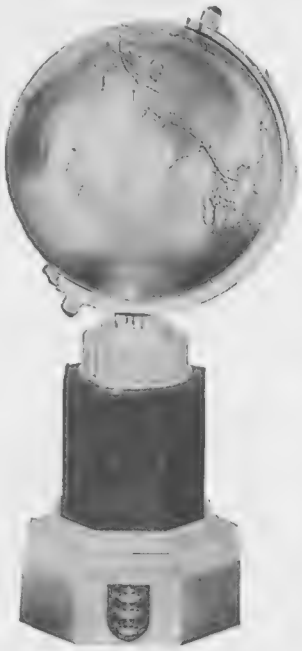
THE EDITOR'S BOX

Golf in New Zealand

The New Zealand Open and Amateur Championships will be played this year at Palmerston North from October 24 to November 1. The New Zealand Golf Association hopes that any golfers in the Old Country who expect to be in New Zealand at that time will enter for the events. Entries are limited to players with (stroke) handicaps of 5 or under, and overseas entries may be sent in the form of a letter (entering for "all events"), certified by a club secretary or controlling body of golf as regards handicap and amateur status, and addressed to Mr. G. O. Sutton, Secretary, New Zealand Golf Association, National Bank Building, Wellington, New Zealand, in time to reach him not later than October 9. Entry fees of overseas competitors may be paid upon arrival in New Zealand.

A Presentation to Miss Johnson

The illustration on the right is a photograph of the very beautiful souvenir model, designed and executed by Cartier, Ltd., which was presented to Miss Amy Johnson, C.B.E., by the city of Hull. The globe is of silver with the countries stamped out in gold. The column mount and base are of silver, and the pedestal of lapis-lazuli. Miss Johnson's route to Australia is marked out in red enamel, and the arms of the Corporation of Hull are enamel of blue and gold. The whole makes a most beautiful memento.



COMMEMORATING A GREAT FLIGHT

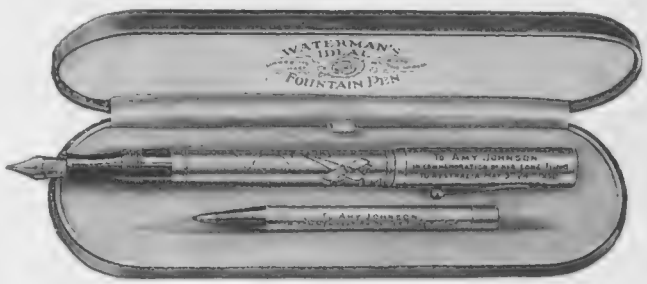
The silver globe presented to Miss Amy Johnson by public testimonial from her native city of Hull, a description of which appears on this page

A Journalists' Home

A special appeal for an endowment fund of £50,000 for Oak Hill, Ipswich, as a rest home for journalists, which was generously presented in trust to the Institute of Journalists in 1926 by Mr. T. R. Parkinson, has been launched. The chairman of the appeal committee is the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., the vice-chairman is Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P., and the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon and Mrs. Frederick Lawson are chairman and vice-chairman of the ladies' committee. There is a long and distinguished list of patrons and committee. The promoters of the special appeal are persuaded that many generous-hearted members of the community will be willing to provide tangible evidence of their appreciation of the services rendered by the jornalistic profession to the public. The special appeal provides the opportunity. Will those who are sympathetically inclined avail themselves of it by subscribing? Whatever the kindly public may be disposed to give will be thankfully received and faithfully applied. Remittances may be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the Oak Hill Special Appeal, Barclay's Bank, High Street, Hampstead, N.W.3.

A Thrilling Pastime

If one wishes to enjoy speed-boat racing it is only necessary to go as far as the Welsh Harp, Hendon, to become acquainted with it. On this sheet of water a speed boat such as that built by the Dart Motor Boat Co., Ltd., of 24, Harrison Street, W.C.1, will be able to show its paces, and, once bitten with the craze for this new pastime, the neophyte will feel anxious to purchase a craft for himself and test a "Dart" on a bigger expanse of water where the craft can be "let out" to her fullest power with even more gratifying—and thrilling—results.



ANOTHER COMMEMORATION OF THE GREAT FLIGHT

In addition to the globe, the Lord Mayor of Hull presented to Miss Amy Johnson, at the City banquet in her honour, a gold Waterman's pen and pencil, illustrated above. The engravings on the pen include the air route from Croydon to Port Darwin and the famous Jason aeroplane

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Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris VIII^e, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

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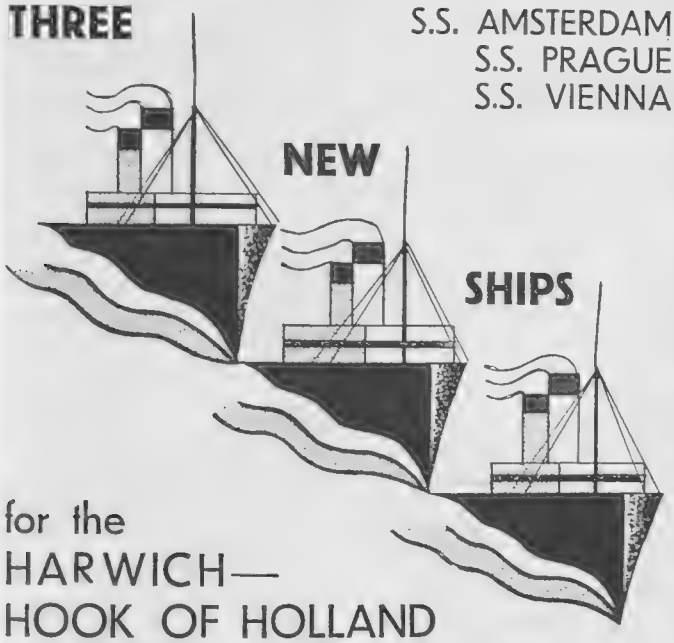

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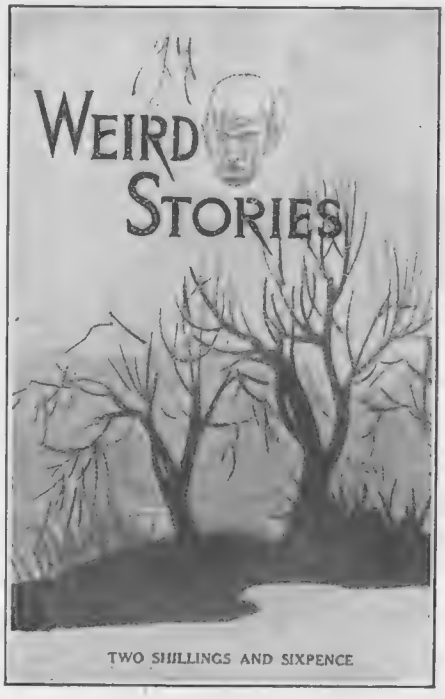

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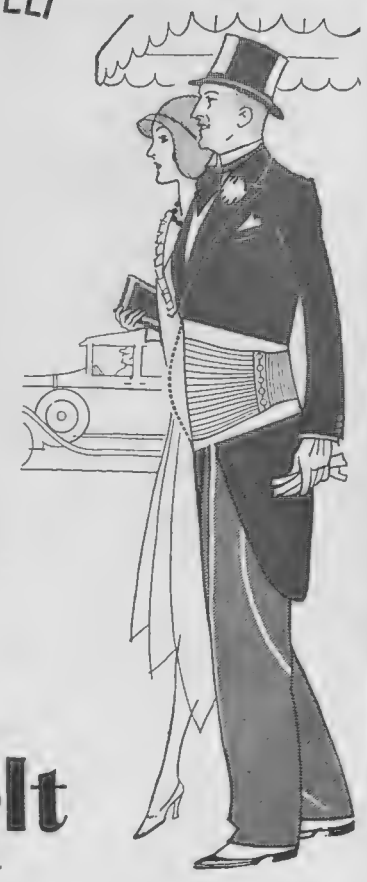

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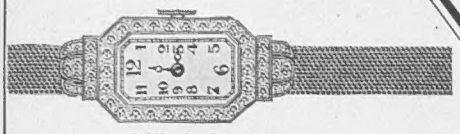

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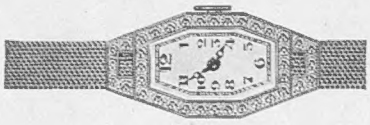

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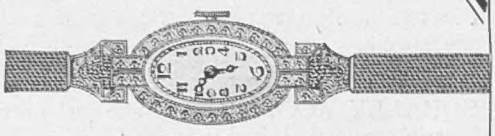

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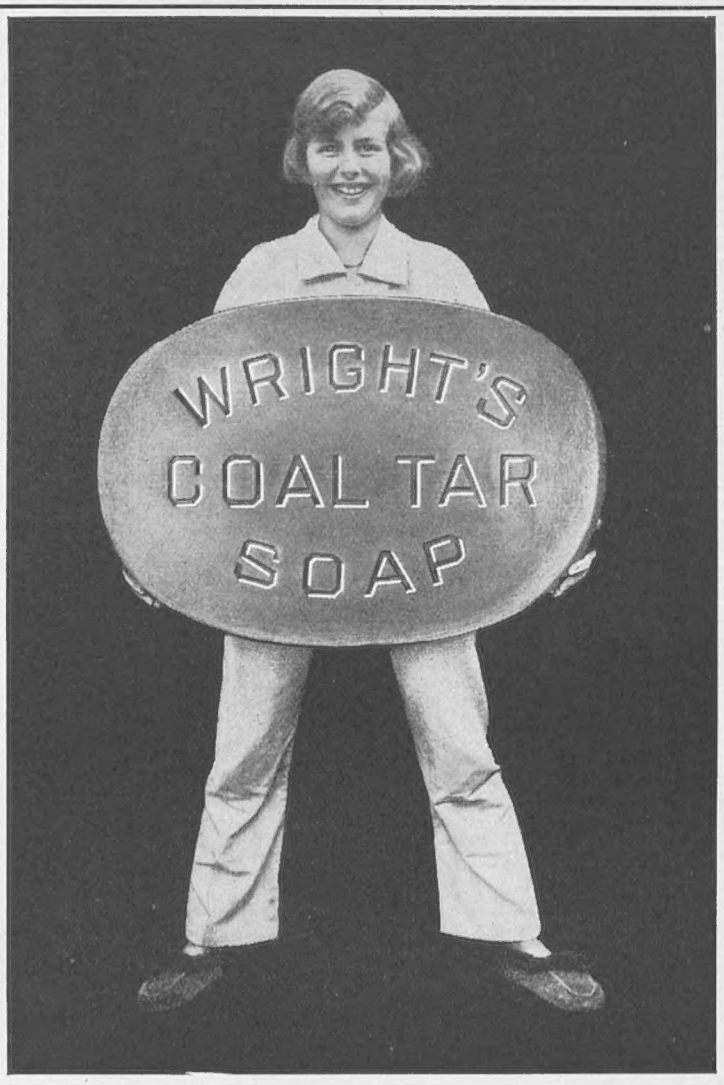

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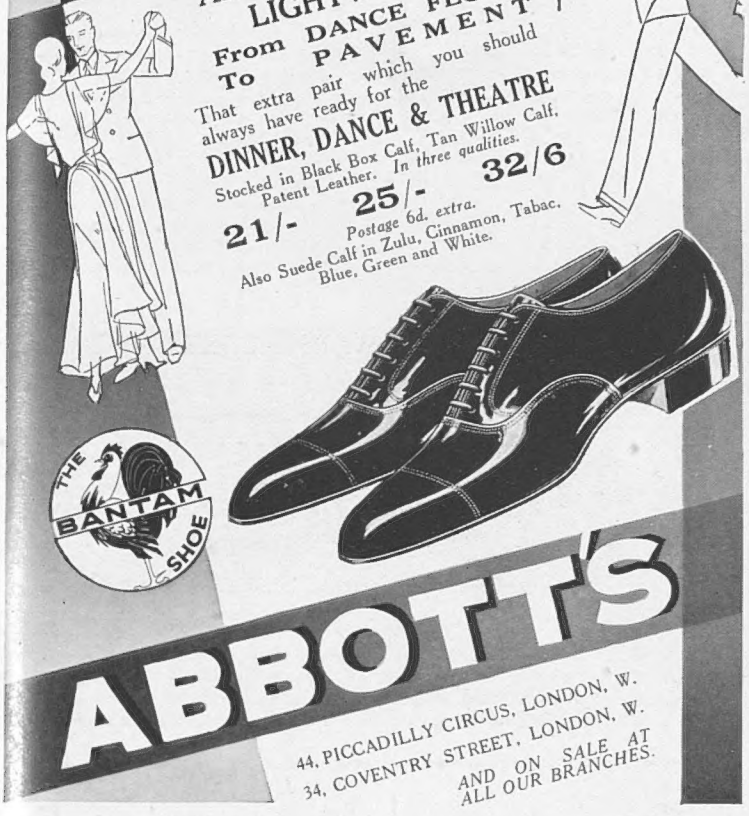

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.